THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1727

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 25, 1933

When 'FLU is suspected

— take

GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

Fortification

KNOWN TO FRIENDS AS "OLD FORTY"

SCOTCH WHISKY

"Old Forty" has been in the same family hands for over 100 years—an independent spirit of ancient lineage.

SIMPSON SHEPHERD & SONS, LTD., ABERDEEN.

Have you seen—

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

TRADE MARK

In the Baby Stone Jug

"ARETHUSA" BOYS MAKE THE FINEST SAILORS IN THE WORLD

THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

£40,000 URGENTLY NEEDED

For necessary cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc. (£6,000 received to date.) The old "Arethusa" Training Ship has been condemned by the Admiralty as worn out and unfit for further service. 10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service.

PLEASE HELP

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

EAR-TRUMPETS DISCARDED!

THE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY!!

Old Ways Give Way to New!!!

Middle Ear (catarrh), Nerve (headnoises), Slightly (hard-of-hearing) or Very (so-called "stone") Deaf in young or old, and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting.

CALL NOW, 'PHONE OR WRITE

Having made this great discovery in the interests of suffering deaf humanity, its discoverer wants you to benefit. No matter what you have tried—with whatever result, you will greet this marvellous super sound, tone-sense-renewing method as the find of your life and its joy. *Ask for "Medical Commendations."*

DENT (Suite 24), 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

'Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718.

SPORTING BRONZES

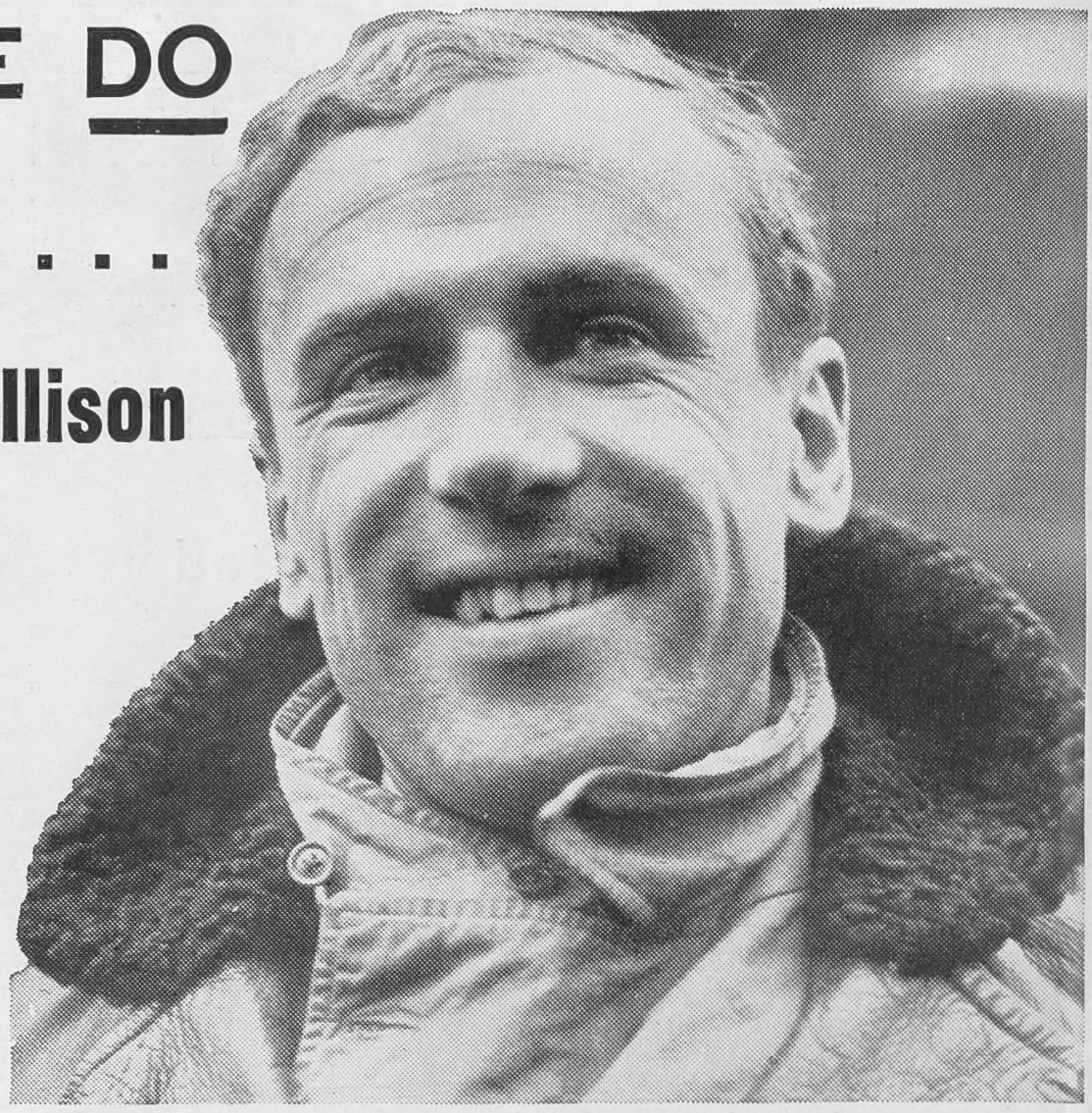
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1

PEOPLE WE DO CATER FOR . . .

Mr. J. A. Mollison



who has flown the SOUTH ATLANTIC on

SHELL AVIATION PETROL

Among the finer things of life

Superb craftsmanship working on exquisite Virginia leaf has produced in Player's No. 3 a cigarette which satisfies the most exacting smoker.

10 *for* 8d
20 *for* 1/4
50 *for* 3/3
100 *for* 6/4
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

PLAYER'S No. 3

Virginia Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 3.P.12.C.

WE DO NOT KNOW OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR BUT WE JUDGE HIM NEVER-THE-LESS

A man who likes his beer is a likeable man—and there can be no better beer than

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S

Scotch Ale

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough & Belfast.

OGDEN'S

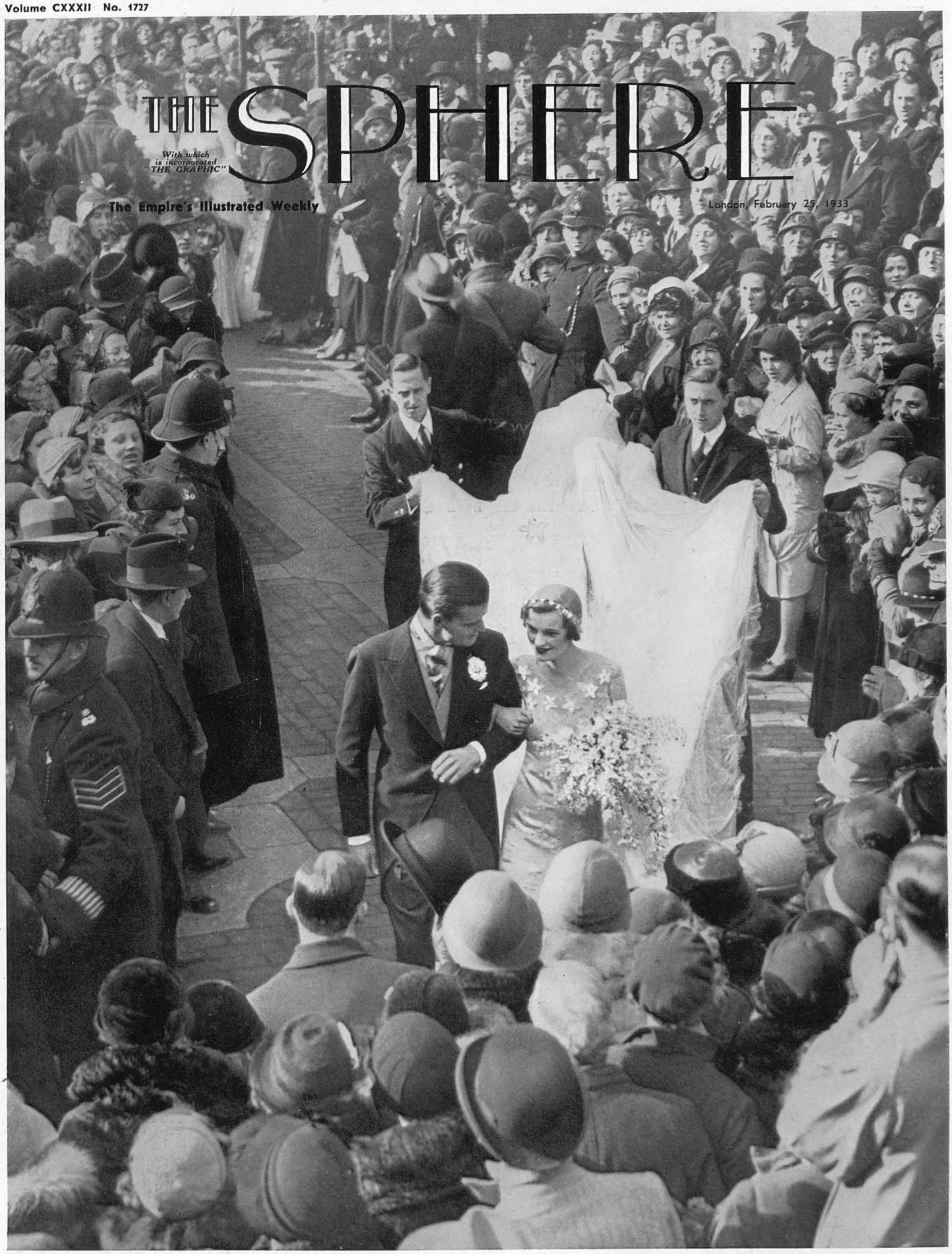
Volume CXXXII No. 1727

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 25, 1933



MARRIAGE À LA MODE

The Wedding of Miss Margaret Whigham, London's Reigning Beauty, Draws a Surging Crowd to Brompton Oratory

One of the most popular Society weddings of recent years was celebrated at Brompton Oratory last Tuesday, when Miss Margaret Whigham was married to Mr. Charles Sweeny, the well-known American amateur golfer. Miss Whigham who is the twenty-one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hay Whigham of Queen's Hill, Ascot, was considered the most beautiful debutante of her year. Our picture on this page shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the Oratory at the conclusion of the ceremony, where they were met on the steps by a surging crowd of sightseers whom the police experienced some difficulty in keeping back. Miss Whigham wore a white satin gown with pearl patterning of jasmine blossoms and a shadowy white veil, and was accompanied by nine bridesmaids in white and silver dresses with crimson rose wreaths in their hair. Further scenes at the wedding will be found on page 246

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

SNOW IN THE CAPITAL: Although London has endured some really arctic weather during the past two months, it was only during the week-end that the first real fall of snow arrived. Within the hour the thaw had turned it to water. *Above*—A scene under the trees at Hyde Park Corner

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 22, 1933.

B.I.F.—If the earliest expectations bred by the statistical success of the British Industries Fair are seldom realized, no Briton should underrate its importance nor fail, if he can possibly help it, to support this tremendous effort of courage, faith, initiative, and energy. Britain's shop window is making the buyers of all the nations sit up and take notice, while British Industry sits down and takes orders. For eighteen years the B.I.F. has increased in wisdom and stature, and, having come into being to show Englishmen that there are sound British alternatives for almost every foreign attraction, it has lately achieved the even more remarkable feat of convincing foreigners of this undoubted truth. At Birmingham and in London now, at the price of a florin, you can see in its newest perfection almost every device and commodity known to our industrial civilization, from a needle to a steam engine, from a rolling-pin to a Rolls-Royce, from a rat trap to a robot. The B.I.F. caters for all tastes, all tongues, and all purses. And once again it promises to break all records in inquiries and attendance, which are the only criteria by which we may estimate the more material success of firm orders and repeat orders.

"ONE NIBBLES."—It was, I think, Papa Joffre who coined the phrase which for so many years was the accepted policy for winning the War. "One nibbles" was the phrase in which he summed up his policy, his slow road to ultimate victory. And Mr. Chamberlain's "Pegging away" is an English translation of a policy as inevitable in combating unemployment as in breaking the Hindenburg Line. It doesn't comfort the starving, it cannot satisfy the impatient. It is too devilish easy to raise the argument of sob-stuff and to make the "stones of Rome to rise and mutiny" at a vivid presentment of human misery. But what is left but patiently to peg away? If a capital levy of 30 per cent. of our capital would cure unemployment, who would hesitate to order it, who would not cheerfully pay it? But there does not remain one sane man whose honest opinion does not agree to-day that no course remains but to attack the evil by going to the root of all our trouble—to peg away at getting trade on its legs again; and that can only be done by removing the causes of international misunderstanding, by re-establishing confidence and credit, by smashing down the tariff walls, and by reducing, not increasing, taxation. The very reception of Mr. Lansbury's everlasting and easy sob-stuff by the House of Commons showed how very far removed from constructive statesmanship his utterances are regarded by serious politicians of all opinions.

HERCULES AND HITLER.—Democratic constitutions are the curse of Dictatorships. One would say it was difficult enough to play Dictator in Germany to-day, but to combine the functions of Dictator and Constitutional Minister, to reach to an impossibly remote peak and then to have to descend to make good each precarious step again, that surely is to ask too much even of a superman. The alien house painter in a few short years, by sheer force of character, becomes Chancellor of a proud State. The miracle attained, the way is surely open to him to put into action his declared ideals and to clear from his path every enemy and obstacle to his policy. By no means. He must waste the golden hours, while his enemies are still at liberty and active to destroy him, wooing a constitutional electorate with guarded words and honeyed but ambiguous promises, mixed up (one must admit) with a certain number of dictatorial measures. It is as if Hercules, after accepting the task of cleansing the Augean stables, must go down on his knees to his former employers to furnish him with references and speak to his character and capabilities as a stableman. Poor Hitler has a far harder task before him than that which faced Mussolini, and, while it is very doubtful if he carry such heavy guns as the Italian Dictator, it is quite certain that he has far stronger fortifications to break through. It is a titanic struggle which will now be fought out before our eyes.

THE POWER OF MADNESS.—A few weeks back I was praying that Mayor Cermak, in his great crusade to cleanse Chicago and to remove a proud nation's reproach, might be clothed in impenetrable mail against the assassin's dagger and the racketeer's bullet. I saw the field of danger as the area of his labours, Chicago. But the sum and apex of human forethought cannot guard against the wildest of all forms of insanity, the assassin's. The bullet, intended to add Roosevelt's name to the roll of murdered American Presidents, struck down Cermak far from his own danger zone. Human forethought plans and builds painfully and carefully, and any lunatic can undo in a moment the work of years or destroy the hopes of a suffering world. The blow that struck down Lincoln, the bullet fired at Sarajevo, half-a-dozen instances occur to the mind—it is chance and unforeseeable madness that write the world's history far more often than sane and constructive statesmanship. The bullet intended for Roosevelt, had it found its billet, must have had that awful power to change the course of world history. For the worse? Only Posterity can give the verdict on the large, the impersonal, issue.

BAT OR PEN?—The Ashes are ours and in all the circumstances more thanks and congratulations are due to Jardine and his team, and to cricket itself, than is usually the case. For consider how nearly some of the camp followers of Test cricket succeeded in taking the savour out of the prize, and making of those ashes the ashes of Dead Sea fruit. Never has a great game shone through the mirk of controversy more gloriously. Apart from the inevitable periods of boredom which are the legacy of timeless cricket, the ups and downs, the tense situations, the constant examples of hopes dashed and faith justified, have made the score sheets of the Test matches enthralling reading. If only we read the score sheets! But the babbling of the camp followers drowns the gun-fire. Let us hope that we shall remember the lesson, for cricket enthusiasts have had a narrow squeak. And in forcing on the public what it thinks the public wants, a section of the Press has almost butchered cricket to make a Fleet Street holiday. Your retired cricketer is not a born journalist. On the contrary, if his arm is strong, his judgment may be as weak as his grammar. Indeed, it would benefit cricket if all the great stars could on retirement be adequately pensioned and have no need to seek their grub in Grub Street.

FURTWÄNGLER.—The last folly which (I hope) I shall commit will be to rush in where even angels tread delicately—the realm of musical criticism. But I may allow myself a mild comment on the general attitude of the critics to Furtwängler. By almost universal consent they have conspired to damn him with faint praise and to allow their admiration for what they admit he can do, to be drawn from them like blood from a stone. They must reluctantly admit that inexplicably he has command of his orchestra, that somehow he gets the players to do what he wants. Judged on more familiar standards, this surely is something to thank God for. But do our critics thank heaven, fasting? By no means. They condemn Furtwängler for misusing his mysterious gift of command. He plays havoc with time. In his impious combination of accelerando with crescendo, in his employment of pianissimo, he produces effects to which we are not used. Ergo, he disregards the musical quality of what he plays. And we call that dull—if we are critics, be it understood. If we are the ignorant, music-loving public, we queue up and gasp and rave over Furtwängler. But musical critics mustn't rave. It is their *métier* to overpraise the *Eroica* as rendered by the B.B.C. which to the untrained ear was duller than Beethoven could possibly be, and to damn with faint praise interpretations of his masterpieces which, if Beethoven could have heard them, must have paid in an hour the full arrears of a lifetime of disappointment. Perhaps the judgments of British critics have something to do with fixing upon us the unjust reproach of being an unmusical nation. It is no fault of the public.

LOST CAUSES.—It is not moss-grown eld but golden Youth which earned for Oxford the lamentable name of the "Home of Lost Causes." For a lost cause has ever had an irresistible attraction for bright young men. There *is* no new thing under the sun, but if there were it would be the old buffers who would embrace it, not the clever young men. They are too busy rubbing the rust off such tarnished old junk as communism, individualism, the hollowness of patriotism, the absurdity of loyalty, and so on. These theories are as old as measles, and bright youth must catch the infection and is well advised to get the disease well and truly over while the recuperative power of youth remains. That is why I attach so little importance (despite Mr. Churchill's anxiety) to the weighty resolutions of the Oxford Union and urge the old gentlemen of the old school, the Blue Water School and every other school, public or otherwise, not to raise their blood pressure over the collapse of a house of cards during the "children's hour"—as *The Times* happily phrased it. The Oxford Union has cradled more steady parsons and civil servants than erratic statesmen and more Tories than revolutionaries, and will so continue. The men who kick over the traces in the Union to-day are the pillars of Church and State to-morrow and pay for their fun in their years of discretion by the regularity of their habits. They catch the 8.15 up and the 6.15 down for forty-eight weeks out of fifty-two till pension time arrives.

FILMING OUR YESTERDAYS.—All that business to do again! The sighs and sobs and a sentiment which sapped the vitality of middle age in *Cavalcade* must be torn

forth again by the film version. I am afraid you cannot choose but see it. For "stupendous" it is. Indeed, *Cavalcade* was destined for the films before ever it was well begun as a stage drama, and not a loop-hole has been missed, unless (mercifully) in the Great War phase, where stupendosity could be thrust in. That our very intimate yesterdays *must* be filmed by American enterprise is one of those anomalies that make me wonder whether we have no pride left, or no genius, or merely no energy. I accept it as inevitable and admit that the film is "stupendous," and that, thanks to a slavish following of Noel Coward's play (even to the reproduction of his own mistakes), there are only a few jarring notes, few proofs of "foreign translation." And the cast is not only strong on paper; all the appropriate "labels" have been assembled; but the acting is admirable, and there are moments when the heart is twisted to breaking point. For *Cavalcade* is a record of mass movements, an essay in mass psychology, the story of the rise of democracy. As such it needs the scope of a limitless stage, of walking gentlemen and singing chambermaids enrolled not in dozens but in hundreds. And these means properly employed and shrewdly used can make jelly of a man's feelings.

THE WATER-BUS.—*Palmam qui meruit.* When the House transferred to the Transport Board the powers to run Thames passenger steamers, vested in, but not used by, the L.C.C., all England hailed the birth of Mr. Herbert's water-bus. And if ever that bus gets afloat, and keeps afloat (two very different propositions and two very large "ifs"), the glory must go to Mr. Herbert. His the hammering, his the faith, his the high-class, judicious propaganda, his the gallons of poured-out ink, the witty letters, the studied books, the quips and japes and epigrams. May his efforts to strangle Dora be no less successful. I don't expect there will be any bitter controversy to fix the parentage of the water-bus idea as in the case of the tank. The water-bus has been tried before and has failed. But perhaps we are in for a cycle of real summers, and perhaps there is already a workable design combining speed and passenger-capacity. If so, Chelsea to a man will travel to the City by water-bus between April and November. And then my still small voice will be raised to claim some credit for the great idea. The water-bus idea was whispered in the Newsletter before ever Mr. Herbert announced its birth in the appropriate column of *The Times*.

ENVOI TO NINETEENTH CENTURY BEAUTY. — I was irresistibly drawn back to Old Bond Street and those nineteenth century beauties who proved such an attraction to Londoners. Lives there a man of middle age with soul so dead that he could gaze on them without tears—if he knew London in his youth and had his roots in the Age of Privilege? Only the weak live in the past, only the fools hanker after what is lost. Yet it is something to remember, to have cut the circle of the Great Days, to have tasted the last sweets in the golden dish of Privilege. These were very great ladies, whose bright eyes rained influence. In their hands the torch of aristocracy spluttered and burned out. The glory of the Whigs, the princely splendour of the Tory grandees, died with them. They knew Privilege, the sheltered life behind park walls and heraldic iron gates; for them the peaches ripened and the pheasants rocketed in their seasons; for them in their prime the Melbas and Carusos sang, the Pavlovas danced. In the light of their tiaras the butterflies spread wings, and London came to life when it suited *their* convenience. For them were built the great staircases at Lancaster House and the other vanished palaces, and starred and gartered soldiers, courtiers and statesmen ascended to the light of *their* countenances. It is over. At the sound of gunfire on the Marne, the park walls fell down, the palaces collapsed like card houses, the great days of Privilege were dead.

And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind.

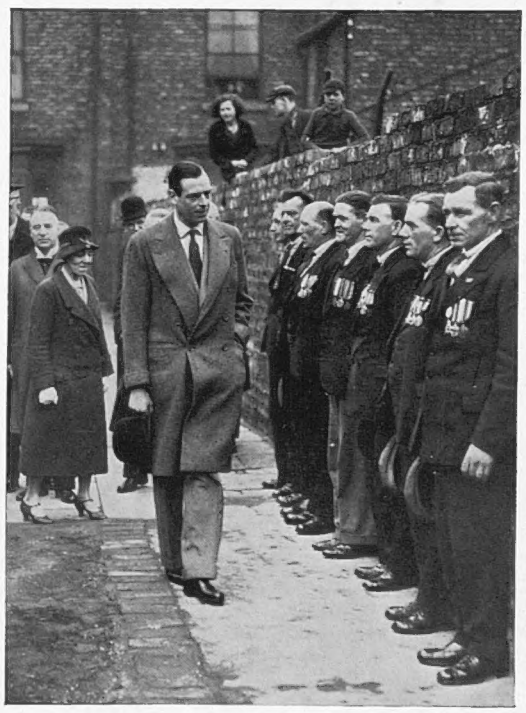
It does not bear thinking about. I dare confess I believe in aristocracy, firmly uphold the blessings of a select Society, regret the dingy frog-march of Democracy. My reflections, therefore, would not suit this age. I may only risk one comment. What a genius had Winterhalter! Was ever a sweeter painter of beauty? We have suffered Lytton Strachey to laugh him out of court. But was Strachey *ever* fair? Was he even on the fringe of justice?

COMPANY LAW.—A correspondent calls my attention to one more—and a grievous—example of the way in which the honest and sensible citizen must pay for the follies and dishonesty of the weaker brethren. I have given a number of examples in recent Newsletters. My correspondent refers to the new Company Law regulations, which have introduced so much vexatious tightenings-up as a result of recent unhappy events in the City. I suppose that for every example of loose finance in public companies there are forty-nine where methods are above reproach. But the new inquisition falls on all alike and makes new demands on honest companies which threaten their very existence in the inevitable struggle with their rivals. The present inquisition requires disclosures in accounts and balance sheets which, if conceded, give away to competitors the most intimate secrets and reveal the strength and weakness of a company's position to every observant rival, while the directors and secretaries find their lives made an intolerable burden when the financial year comes towards its end. Go into any office in the City and whisper the words "Company Law regulations," and you will get confirmation of what I say and perhaps a thick ear into the bargain. It is the misfortune of the age that the trap which is set to catch the jackal should cripple so many more useful animals.

THE CARLTON TERRACE DANGER.—For some years after the War we remained inactive and unmoved while England was uglified before our eyes, and sites and buildings of great beauty or historic interest were destroyed wantonly. When the work of destruction was half over, we sat up suddenly and screamed. Carlton Terrace became a fiery cross, recruiting and rallying the devoted remnant of the civilized against vandalism. It is all very comic, but it is something more. The Carlton Terrace habit is likely to become a nuisance. For we never have mild attacks of good taste. We take the disease badly and our temperature soars. It seems we shall now apply the Carlton Terrace standard to any and every suggested improvement. You would have said that no sane person would deny that the Adelphi area has become an eyesore and needs refashioning. It is quite an important business site, but for inutility, squalor, and grime its environs are hard to beat. Somewhere in its area are fine memorials to the genius of the brothers Adam; therefore it is vandalism to suggest that Villiers Street is mean and even beastly, that Duke Street ought to be widened, that half the houses in the section are squalid, unhealthy, and unfit for modern requirements. In short, any and every plan to improve the site must be resisted in the name of Taste. It is a pity we can never maintain a sense of proportion in these matters.

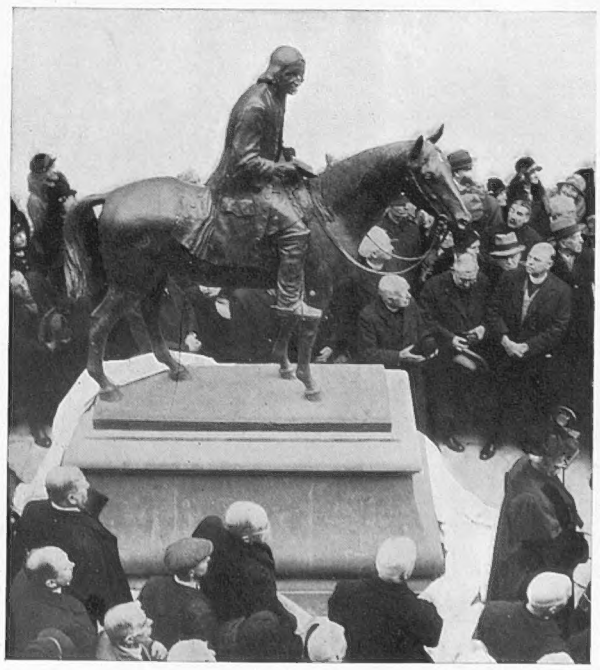
A LONG TRIAL.—After exactly 145 years, Warren Hastings' acquittal on all charges will be announced to the public. The case has dragged on interminably and has, of course, been a gold mine to some of those engaged in it—Mr. Sheridan, for example, whose charming radio play, *The School for Scandal*, had such an admirable première the other day. No doubt the searchlight of publicity which has centred of late years on India was a factor in calling public attention to the "law's delays" in ex-Governor Hastings' case. Mr. Ormsby-Gore has now approved the policy of letting the public know the verdict, which will be displayed in Westminster Hall.

THE OLD STAGER.



INDUSTRIOUS ROYALTY IN THE INDUSTRIAL NORTH: Prince George, recovered from his recent illness, carried out his postponed tour of Yorkshire's industrial areas last week, when he spent a considerable time in Middlesbrough inspecting social centres for the unemployed

BEFORE BATTLE: Members of the French Army Soccer team, which decisively defeated the British Army team by four goals to one at Selhurst Park last Saturday, made a short tour of London prior to the match. Prince Arthur of Connaught and the French Ambassador attended the game. The team are seen here admiring a Horse Guardsman on duty in Whitehall during their round of sight seeing



WHERE WESLEY FIRST PREACHED: The bronze life-size statue of John Wesley on horseback, particularly appropriate in that the great revivalist travelled thousands of miles on his mission in this way, was unveiled in the Horsefair, Bristol, last week. Mr. Edmund Sykes Lamplough, the donor, performed the unveiling ceremony

THE DUCHESS AND "TOC H": The very genuine interest which the Duchess of York invariably brings to bear on her round of social duties has done much to bring about increased enthusiasm in the causes she patronizes. The Duchess is seen lighting one of seventeen lamps for new branches of the "Toc H" League of Women Helpers at the Kingsway Hall

The Sweeny-Whigham Wedding

INSIDE THE ORATORY: *Above*—The magnificent interior of Brompton Oratory seen during the wedding ceremony. *Below*—A "talkie" photographer asks the bride and bridegroom to say a few words as they leave the church

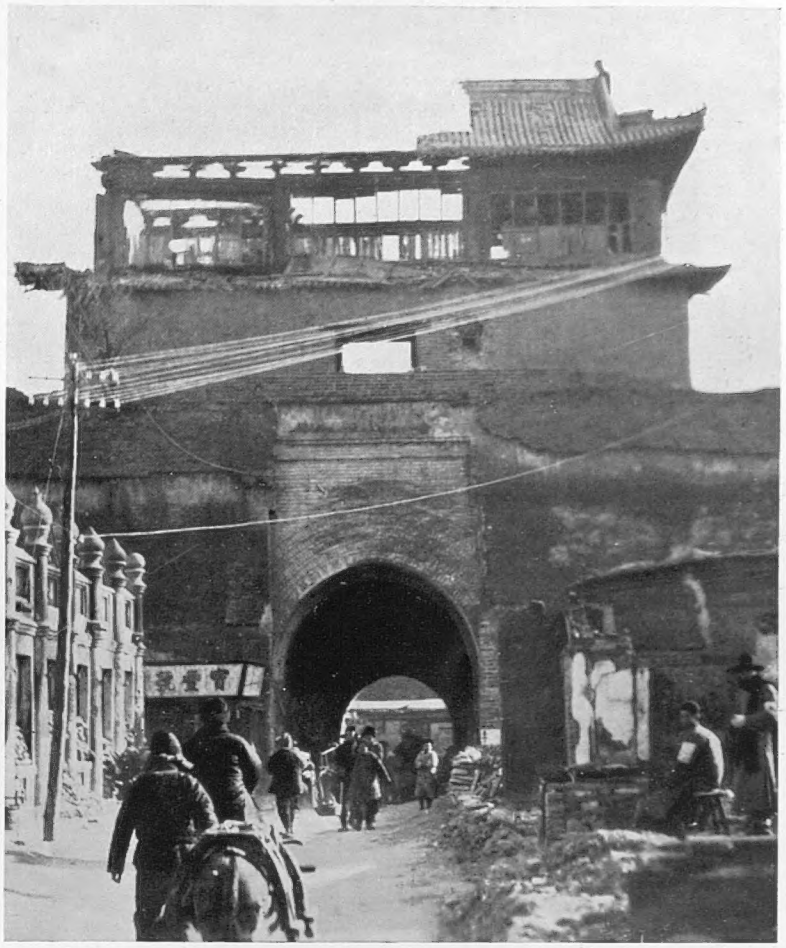
SATIN AND JASMINE: *Above*—Miss Margaret Whigham leaving her home in Prince's Gate for her wedding to Mr. Charles Sweeny. *Right*—An eager crowd of sightseers waiting to see the bride

THE BRIDAL COUPLE: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny leaving Brompton Oratory after the wedding. So dense was the crush of people outside the church that traffic was delayed for nearly ten minutes

NINE BRIDESMAIDS IN WHITE AND SILVER: Left to right—Miss Baba Beaton, Miss Dawn Gold, Miss Jeanne Stourton, the Hon. Sheila Berry, Miss Molly Vaughan, Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Pamela Nicholl, and Miss Angela Brett. The ninth bridesmaid (not in the picture) was Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth

THE TROUBLED WORLD

THE BASTION POINT OF SOUTHERN MANCHUKUO: Major Ochiai of the Japanese forces leading his men in front of the ruined tower at Shanhaikwan, the Chinese-Manchukuan frontier town which was captured and occupied after a three days' bombardment. Shanhaikwan stands on the Gulf of Liaotung, and is regarded by the Japanese as a vital strategic position in the frontier defences of the new State



TWICE CAPTURED BY JAPAN: A scene inside the southern gate of battle-scarred Shanhaikwan after Japanese troops had finally occupied the town. This same fortress was captured by Japanese troops in 1905 during the last year of the Russo-Japanese War. It lies at the eastern end of the Great Wall, and is considered as important a position in South Manchukuo as the Province of Jehol is in the West

A REVOLUTIONARY IN SPATS: The arrest of a young revolutionary during the bayonet attack by Rumanian troops on the Bucharest railway workshops. Four thousand strikers had barricaded themselves within the shops, and it was only some determined work on the part of the State troops which succeeded in dislodging them

UNRESTRAINED GRIEF: Poignant scenes were witnessed at the funeral of Carlos, the Gipsy King, who was murdered recently at Noyen-sur-Sarthe, France, during a tribal feud. Our illustration shows gipsy women weeping as the murdered man who had been their leader passed to the graveside. Shock-headed and of true gipsy type, the grief of the mourners was quite unrestrained

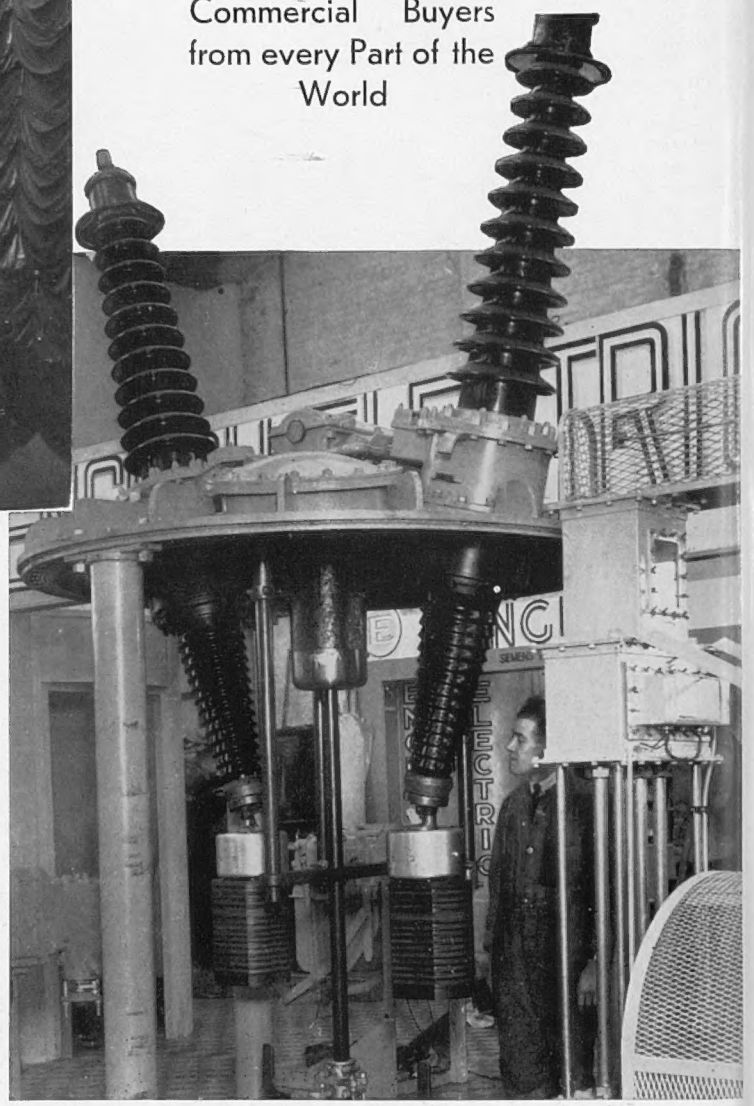
BUY BRITISH at the B.I.F.

By W. Holt-White

In the Following Article Mr. Holt-White Describes the Outstanding Progress made by the British Industries Fair since its Inception in 1918, and the Brains Behind It which have served to make the Fair the Mecca of Commercial Buyers from every Part of the World

DRAPING THE WHITE CITY: Over ten miles of casement cloth were employed in draping the gallery at the Textile Section of the British Industries Fair at the White City. This picture shows men engaged in completing the work in time for the opening

On left—BRITANNIA BECKONS THE WORLD: The striking poster 70,000 copies of which the Publicity Department have sent to all parts of the world as an incentive to trade buyers to visit the Fair



THE HEAVY INDUSTRIES: A gigantic circuit-breaker, capable of dealing with 132,000 volts, exhibited at the Castle Bromwich section of the Fair

Quite one of the brightest spots in these days of commercial gloom and depression is the British Industries Fair, Britain's biggest of big businesses. The creation of a Civil Servant of enterprise and determination, the Fair has now been in existence for eighteen years. From the three little rooms in Cheapside where the project was first formulated as a mere War-time enterprise, to the giant exhibition buildings at Olympia, the White City, and Castle Bromwich, is a far cry. It is time that the whole story was told—especially as it is a tribute to the genius of the English for improvisation and an even better tribute to the British habit of seeing things through.

When the story has been told it will be understood why the British Industries Fair is an institution which even the King delighteth to honour and why so much Royal interest centres in its annual opening. This week the Prince of Wales has spoken on its behalf at a Government banquet at the Mansion House; the Duke of York has visited the Birmingham section; the Duchess of York has smiled on it at the White City; and the Queen on three consecutive days has paid visits both to the White City and Olympia. True she appointed herself the Fair's First Officer. But that is another story which must be told later in this article and in its proper place. And now, both in London and in Castle Bromwich—where is housed the "heavy section," machinery and the like—all along its twenty-seven miles of lighted shop-fronts business is brisk. And its business means millions upon millions to the British manufacturer. There has never in this world before been anything like it. It has smashed even the famous Leipzig Fair into smithereens.

Some people may, of course, say: Ah! yes, but what about the exhibitions in recent years in Paris and at Milan? What about the forthcoming World's Fair in Chicago? For that matter, what about the well-remembered glories of Wembley? The answer to these questions is simple. There is a confusion in the public mind as to "exhibitions" and "fairs." The forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago, for instance, is not a fair at all. It is merely—and in using the word "merely" I am simply quoting the cold official designation of an English Civil Servant—"an exhibition." And, from the serious official and industrial point of view, exhibitions are "mere" froth on the vast vats of trade and commerce.

Exhibitions are enterprises engineered on a generous and artistic scale to attract the public of the countries in which they are held and visitors from other countries. They are organized primarily—I am again quoting the official view—as vast pleasure grounds which may or may not pay, in accordance with the manner in which they are conceived, constructed, and exploited. Such industry and commerce as they may represent are not a direct trafficking. It is merely propaganda in material form—propaganda in the shape of exhibits—which may or may not one day produce "business." The system simply represents what advertising experts call "good-will publicity." So the official mind—especially the British official mind—is not intrigued by or deeply concerned with exhibitions. We are—oh, yes, we still are—a nation of shopkeepers; and it is the deliberate conviction of experts that as serious, solid, business propositions exhibitions do not pay. But the fair—and I have learned that the word "fair" is almost as blessed as Mesopotamia—is a different thing altogether.

What is a fair? Well, to make clear, precisely, what the word means one has to go back across the centuries for a thousand years or more. Once there were two great trade routes: from the east to the west, and from the south to the north. Along these two great trade routes there sprang up two places of such vast importance that their influence upon the world's commerce endured for many hundreds of years. Along the east to west route—which extended from Pekin to Paris—the criss-cross caravans frequently halted by the way to exchange goods in barter, or sell them for such currency as served. Now, on the east to west route lay Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, and on the south to north route,

Leipzig. No one will ever be able to understand why these two places became of such paramount importance. The fact remains that Nijni Novgorod grew up to be the centre of the trade of Russia, and Leipzig the centre of the trade of Germany. In both these places trade grew to such an extent that in the early days the men of the east to west and the south to north routes took to making long sojourns with their caravans. They began to fit up hutments and stabling for their camels and horses. Townships grew, and then cities. At last in these two centres grew up to a great extent the whole commercial system of Western Europe and Eastern Europe.

The glory of Nijni Novgorod has, of course, departed. To interject a personal note—I wonder what it looks like now? I remember driving there once from Moscow to the Fur Fair and wondering idly how the world could contain so many pelts.

Leipzig has endured. It still endures. But it is curious that, with all their gift of far-seeing organization, the Germans never lifted it into the position which it should have held. For some inscrutable reason, though year by year commercial travellers came from the ends of the earth to buy, it was not anyone's business properly to organize a fair which might have been Germany's commercial salvation to-day. It was all rough and ready and haphazard. German manufacturers sent their goods to the stockrooms of the various hotels. The buyers—and they included thousands from England—had to tour the hotels in search of what they needed. By and by that system grew too cumbersome, and so there were built various Palaces of Industry. But they were scattered here and there about the town. There were no general headquarters. There was no general concentration. It was all happy-go-lucky. And so it continued down to the War.

Leipzig, however, was a very jolly place to go to. Every English commercial traveller who could get there went there. In the first place he had a thundering good time. In the second place he got better prices than he could get at home. Now why did he get better prices? This is a most important question, because it was upon the better prices that he secured at Leipzig that Germany built up her reputation for manufacturing goods cheaply. And it was that which was winning for her complete commercial supremacy before the War.

Well, the answer, once again, is simple. As the Fair progressed, the representatives of the German manufacturers were able to see what their business would be like for a year ahead, and upon that knowledge they were able to make estimates with which the English manufacturer, never knowing from day to day what his output would be, was unable to compete. That was the whole secret of the German manufacturers — confidence and buoyancy and success.

But then came the War. And with its coming all things were changed for good and all. At the outset, Germany was more fortunate than we were. With practically the exception of rubber, she possessed all she needed. She became one vast hive of industry — false industry, of course — casting everything forth from the hub to the periphery.

Our position was quite different. We were dependent on so much from the outside world — especially for foodstuffs. In some respects, however, our position was a similar one. Our internal trade "boom" was also a false one. Our chief exports — munitions — were being shipped overseas to go up in smoke. The result was a deficit in the trading balance which not even the forthcoming Debts Conference will be able to fathom or adjust.

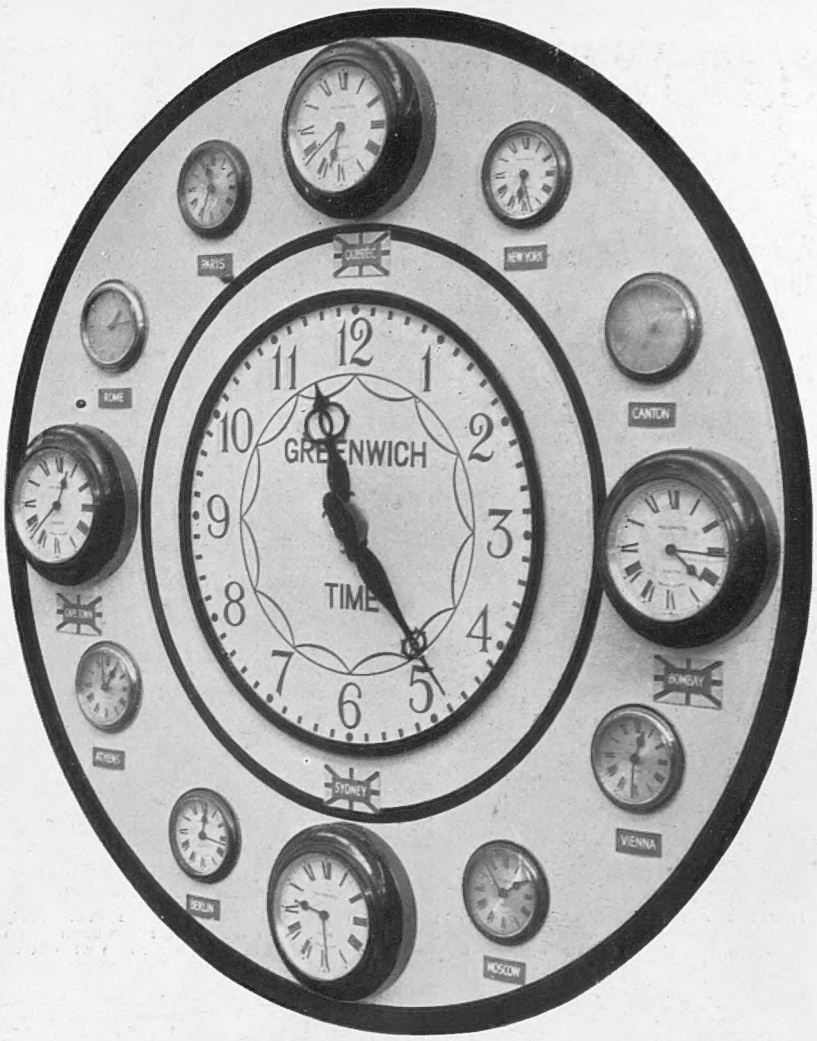
Yet the trading spirit within us remained gallant. We had to export something, even if it only knocked a few pence off our leaping national expenditure. So in the midst of all this turmoil it was discovered that men and women — especially women — could not live by munitions alone. There arose a natty little problem in the shape of women's handbags. Women had to have handbags. They couldn't go munition-working if they hadn't. Now, there was sufficient leather left over from the Government's needs to make all the pouches of the handbags which were necessary. But there were no handles. They had always come from Germany or Austria. Looking round, the Board of Trade discovered that there were firms which could not be employed on munition work and were standing idle because there was no work to do. Those firms could make handles to the handbags.

From that small discovery, the Board of Trade proceeded to active investigation. Investigation showed that there were other needs which could be supplied by industries drifting into unemployment, if the requirements of one from the other could only be explained. What was vital was an immediate meeting of the distressed manufacturers concerned. And it was imperative, if civilized life was to go on, that it should be done at once.

So instructions were given to a Civil Servant by the name of Claude Taylor—a man then comparatively young in years—to go out and arrange these meetings. Instructions were given to him in the afternoon, and at night he hurried out to find the premises required. In those days premises were far to seek. The Government had developed an inconvenient habit of requisitioning likely looking buildings. Late at night Mr. Taylor discovered three rooms to let in Cheapside. Exercising, perhaps, a little governmental persuasion, he contrived to "open up" in the morning. Into those rooms he dragged the manufacturers concerned, put them face to face, told them to go out and agree with each other quickly—in short, to get on with the job. From those three rooms sprang the idea of the British Industries Fair.

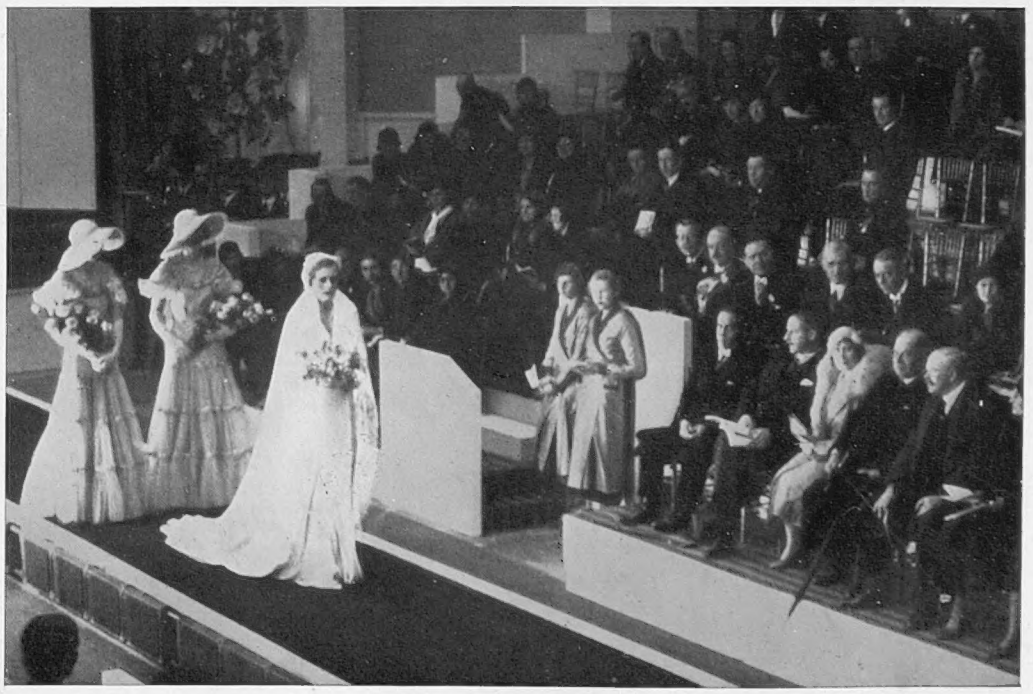
To look at him now, with his neat grey hair and keen face, complete with monocle, is to behold a man who represents externally what a super-Civil Servant should be. But when you consider his daring—and he was daring and is daring—it is difficult to believe that he has the completely Civil Servant mind. And of course he hasn't. He wasn't always a Civil Servant. He started life as a doctor. Then he became a journalist. He was, indeed, for many years—early years, it is true—one of Lord Northcliffe's most successful editors. It was probably that experience which fired his

(Continued on page 272)



THE TIME MACHINE: An electric clock recording Greenwich time and the times in twelve other countries, now being exhibited at Castle Bromwich, where the Heavy Section of the Fair is in progress

STIMULATING THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY: A feature of the opening day of the Textile Section of the Fair at the White City was a specially elaborate fashion parade. Two charming mannequins are seen demonstrating flying-kit and the latest in evening wear

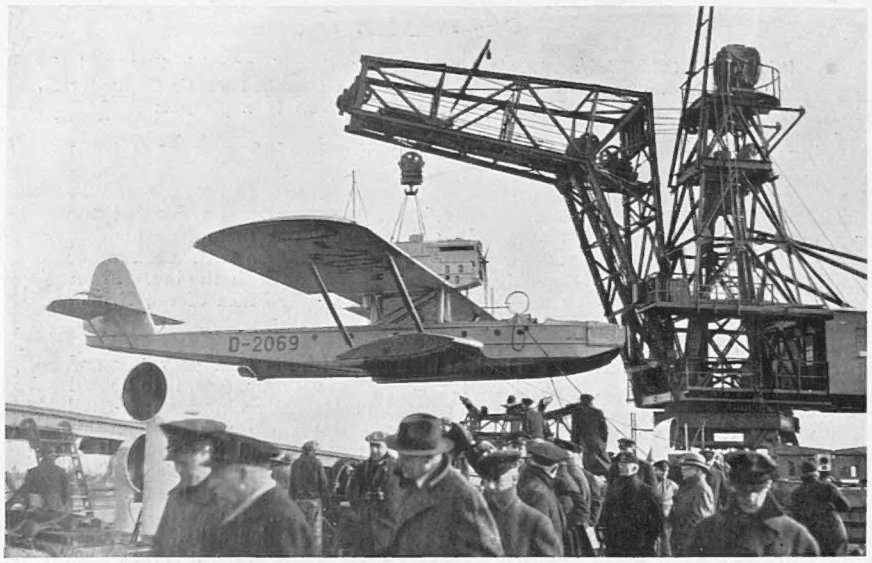


A ROYAL SEND-OFF: With the Prince of Wales as the guest of honour at the Mansion House dinner celebrating the opening of the Fair, the Duke of York at Castle Bromwich, and the Duchess of York at the Textile and Furnishing Sections at the White City, this year's B.I.F. had a truly magnificent send-off. The Duchess of York is seen here watching the mannequin parade at the White City. Seated next to her is Lord Derby

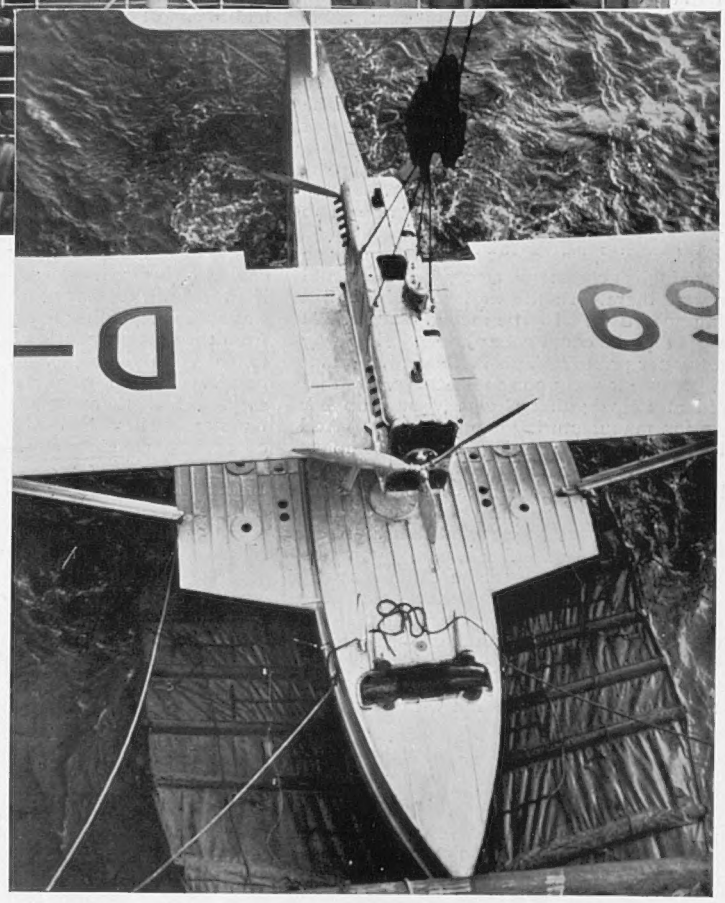
FIRST OCEAN AIR BASE

And Other Flying News

ATLANTIC AIR BASE TO BE TESTED: An aeroplane landing on the S.S. *Westphalia* during experimental exercises in Bremen harbour. The *Westphalia* has been taken over from the North German Lloyd Company by the Lufthansa Air Service with a view to its use as an ocean base in connection with a regular Atlantic flying route



MAKING CONTACT: The somewhat ambitious project put forward a few years ago, suggesting the establishment of stationary air bases across the North Atlantic, has been admirably modified by the Lufthansa Air Service, who are experimenting with the S.S. *Westphalia* as a possible floating air station. This illustration shows an aeroplane being hauled on to the *Westphalia* after gliding on to the ship's landing apron



ON THE LANDING APRON: Another phase of the Lufthansa Service's experiment on the *Westphalia*. An aeroplane is seen reaching the landing apron after leaving the water. The apron is trailed at the stern of the vessel, thus enabling 'planes to make immediate contact with the ship

FROM RIO TO LONDON: Mr. Mollison telephoning to Mrs. Mollison in London a few minutes after his arrival in Rio de Janeiro following his South Atlantic flight from West Africa to the Brazilian coast. He accomplished the flight in 17½ hours

THE EVEREST FLIGHT: Members of the Everest Expedition, financed by Lady Houston, face a battery of cameras before leaving Heston Aerodrome for the Himalayas. Left to right in front of the 'plane—Mr. Shepherd, Flight-Lieutenant MacIntyre, Air-Commodore Fellowes (leader of the expedition), Lord Clydesdale, and Mr. Hughes

ECHOES of WINTER

In Europe and the Far East

ON THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN FRONTIER: A winter sports enthusiast views the delightful scenery of the Dolomites from the lower slopes of the Cortina d'Ampezzo. This illustration is the work of Fosco Maraini, who has recently won much distinction with the camera

WINTER IN THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL: A clever camera study of the Houses of Parliament, Budapest, reflected in the ice strewn waters of the Danube. The extensive Parliament buildings constructed between 1883 and 1902 are embellished on the outside with ninety statues including those of the Kings of Hungary from Arpad to Ferdinand V.

IN THE NEW STATE: A monument in ice in remembrance of the Baptism of the Jordan, erected by devout Russian peasantry of the Orthodox Church on the shores of the frozen Sungari River, at Harbin, Manchukuo

DERELICT ON THE FROZEN BALTIC: A vessel comes to the rescue of an aeroplane which has come to grief in the Gulf of Finland. In our issue of February 11 a similar picture was shown of German aeroplanes aiding ice-bound cargo vessels on the Scandinavian coast

SENTINELS OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN HIGHLANDS: When the snow has completely covered the road, as it often does in winter time to the depth of several feet, these poles are the only possible means by which the traveller can find his way in the featureless mountain districts of Czechoslovakia

b

THE THIRD TEST

NOT BODY-LINE?—England's turn to take a hard knock. Hammond, the Gloucestershire batsman-bowler, was hit in the face by a ball from Ironmonger, but continued his innings. *Inset on right*—A BUMPER: One of the many "hard knocks" in this historic match. Woodfull, struck under the heart by a rising ball from Larwood, drops his bat and hugs the spot

A NEAR SHAVE: The "leg trap" in action during (on the ground) has failed to

THE NOTTS EXPRESS: Woodfull, the Australian captain, faces Larwood's fast bowling with some trepidation, and is here seen dropping his bat after stopping a ball on his leg side

CAPTAIN AND STAR FIELDSMAN:
attempt by Jardine, the English captain
time—with Ames in support, to

England has now won the first, third, and fourth Test Matches of the present series, played at Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane respectively. We lost the second Test Match at Melbourne by 111 runs but the margin in our favour in the other three matches was ten wickets, 338 runs and six wickets respectively. Thus the mythical "Ashes," evolved from a burlesque In Memoriam notice published by the London *Sporting Times* after England's first defeat by Australia at the Oval in 1882, retained by Australia until 1926, lost in 1928, and again recovered by them in 1930 when Bradman electrified the cricket world by a series of huge individual scores, return to England. This third Test Match at Adelaide, incidents from which are pictorially recorded on this page, will go down to cricket history as the "Hard Knocks" match or, more unfortunately, as the match which produced the not too happily worded protest of the Australian Board of Control against what they described as the dangers of "body-line" bowling. At the end of the first two Tests, the position was all square and three to play. In the third match, which extended over six days' play, a total of 1,168 runs was made by the two sides in four complete innings. The English share of this total was 753, making us one up, with two to play. Australia won the toss for the fourth Test match, concluded at Brisbane last week, and

A Pictorial Record of the Historic Third Test Match at Adelaide, One of the Most Amazing and Controversial Contests in the History of Cricket

he third Test Match at Adelaide. This time it has not worked, as Verity top Ponsford's snick off Voce

A cinematographic effect of an eager —minus the famous Harlequin cap this ut Ponsford in the Adelaide Test Match

TROUBLE BREWING: Oldfield, damaged by a ball from Larwood, is in the centre of this group of English cricketers, all concerned to render sympathy and first aid. Woodfull, in mufti, has come out to investigate, and is being greeted by G. O. Allen

HEAD HIGH: The mishap to Oldfield, the Australian wicket-keeper, which incapacitated him for the fourth Test Match at Brisbane. He mis-timed a ball from Larwood

DON BRADMAN RETIRES: Australia's star batsman, falls a victim, not by any means for the first time, to Larwood's fast bowling, and is here being caught by G. O. Allen at short square leg

batting first scored 340; England followed with 356, which was a characteristic cricket surprise since all the chief batsmen on the side were out when Paynter, the Lancashire player, appeared on the scene as a *deus ex machina* and, straight from hospital, played a magnificent fighting innings of 83. Australia's second innings petered out at 175, leaving England the comparatively simple job of making 160 to win the match, the rubber and the Ashes. The runs were knocked off with six wickets in hand. It was a fitting end that Paynter, the hero of the first innings, should make the winning hit and that it should be a six out of the ground. Of the 128 Test matches played between England and Australia since 1877, twenty-seven have been drawn games, and Australia has won fifty-one to England's fifty. The English side will now want to put the final touch to their successful tour by making the score, fifty-one Test Match victories each. Hearty congratulations to all concerned in England's decisive victory. Especially, perhaps, to the Selection Committee. Now that everything has turned out as planned we may be inclined to forget how much we owe to their wisdom. They came in, as usual, for a good deal of criticism at the time and they thoroughly deserve all the nice things that will be said—or ought to be said—about them now.

A NEW STA

In this, the Second Article of the Series, Our Special Correspondent Describes a Visit to Changchun, the New Capital of Manchukuo, where Extensive Administration Offices are Now Under Construction. Mr. Bodley also Describes the Propaganda Methods Employed by the Government for Subduing the Bandits, and the Action Now Being Taken to Weld the Country into a New and Efficient State

IN MANCHUKUO'S CAPITAL: A temporary building in Changchun, the new capital of Manchukuo, housing the Council of State. When the city is rebuilt, with Japanese aid, it is hoped to turn it into a second Tokio. Extensive building works are already in progress

INSTRUCTION IN CITIZENSHIP: A Manchukuan propagandist explaining to villagers about the new State and the objects of its Government. Many of the villagers are temporarily bandits, but it is hoped by this method of peaceful instruction that order will eventually be restored

When I said in my previous article that Mukden is the least pleasant city which I have ever seen I had not then visited Changchun (or Hsinking as it is now called), the new capital of Manchukuo. Mukden is like Paris compared to the dreary, dirty desolation of the streets of Changchun, though I expect that in a few years' time when the new State, with the aid of the Japanese, has rebuilt the city and made it into a second Tokio, and when the foreign legations or consulates are established, people will laugh at this description. At present the place has no redeeming feature, not even an hotel to be compared to the Yamato at Mukden or the semblance of a social community. Long, dusty streets practically unmetalled spread out like spokes of a cart-wheel from the station, intersected by Chinese slums, filthy beyond expression; there are even fewer motor cars than in Mukden and the rickshaws are supplanted by little open victorias drawn by shaggy ponies wearing the curious harness suggestive of Russia. The drivers look like the worst type of bandits in their furry caps and long padded coats, their ears protected by little muffs which add to their satanic appearance. The cold grips and binds the earth, the sun rises feebly, makes a pretence of shining, and retires again discouraged behind the desolation of the great plains of Central Manchuria. I am sure that any other nation but the Japanese faced with the problem of reorganizing, or rather creating, anything approaching order under such conditions would give up in despair. There appears to be no sort of basis to work on beyond human enthusiasm.

It may be asked why Changchun was chosen as the capital, and not commercial Mukden, where the palace of the former emperors still stands, or frivolous, modern Harbin. The reasons are twofold, the first being that Changchun is the most central city of Manchukuo and better strategically situated at the junction of the South Manchuria and Chinese Eastern Railway lines, as also of the proposed line to Korea via Tunhua; the second, that Mukden being the headquarters of the late Government still has adherents to the old régime among what are known as the arsenal people. Furthermore, Kirin is the cradle, so to speak, of the Manchu race, and in the city of Kirin itself there remain quite a number of old Manchu families.

Whatever the advantages or otherwise of Changchun as a capital, here it is established and the Government is hard at work making of it a city worthy of the new State. For the moment the Government offices are housed in old schools and business premises; in fact, in any buildings in which they can sit at tables and keep out that winter cold which has to be felt to be believed. Naturally, it is all rather a picnic, reminding one of the divisional and corps headquarters of the suddenly expanded New Army in England in 1914.

There is likewise the same bustle, the same fevered rush associated with the early days of the War, the same intense desire to produce immediate results from raw material in the shortest possible space of time. No one seems to rest at Changchun; there is an air of concentration, of grim determination to succeed at all costs which makes one realize more than anything else that Manchukuo is going to come out of its trials regardless of all the obstacles which stand in its way. It is rather overawing to see the task which Japan has imposed on herself, and whatever may be one's feelings on the subject it is impossible not to be lost in admiration for the way in which the problem is being tackled.

A STRANGE EQUIPAGE: Mr. Ma Menghsiung, a prominent Manchukuo Foreign Office official, seen in the streets of Changchun. In the background can be seen one of the capital's new buildings under construction

Under the guidance of an intelligent Chinese official of the Manchukuo Foreign Office, called Ma Menghsiung, I visited the buildings in which the Government is at present housed. We bumped along in a tiny victoria while our feet became numb and our noses red, but somehow the interest in all I saw made me forget the dust and the cold and the smell of the bandit driver. When we had inspected all the "go downs" in which the officials worked, my guide directed the cabman to take us to the buildings under construction.

We turned away from the dirty streets and leaving the city came out into an open space on a rising piece of ground. It was then that my vision of the Changchun of the future sprang before my eyes, for rising up among scaffolding poles were two great edifices reminiscent of Tokio. There was no question of their being temporary buildings, but good solid structures into which Mr. Ma and I penetrated and found long broad corridors with spacious offices, large windowed and light. The most modern systems of ventilating and heating were being installed, the concrete walls and stairs defied fire, and even in their unfinished state an atmosphere of dignity and order prevailed. I was impressed. My companion explained to me what Ministries would occupy these shells, and further went on to explain that later on living quarters for the staff would be constructed at no great distance, with a house for the Chief Executive, barracks, and suitable roads, drains, electric light plants, etc., and I could in my mind's eye see a great modern city growing up outside old Changchun, with modern hotels and shops and legations or consulates to accommodate the representatives of foreign countries.

Details of the proposed administration of affairs in Manchukuo were explained to me by the head of the Bureau of Information and Publicity at the Foreign Office by a charming person called Mr. Kawasaki, one of the few men of foreign nationality whom I have met who really possess a knowledge of the English language. His was not just a good colloquial knowledge or a correct manner of speaking, but a real ease of talk as if he was using his mother tongue. Somehow his whole manner encouraged frankness and a liberty to ask questions without fear of causing offence.

He told me all there was to tell about the civil administration, showing me charts, giving the relations of each government to another, the proposed budget with the estimated revenues and expenditure in which, of course, lies the future consolidation of Manchukuo.

Up to the present the cupidity of the Manchurian war lords has been the curse of the country, for by that almost incredible system of printing almost valueless paper money with which those in authority bought the produce of the country from the farmers and then sold it for silver, they enriched themselves and ruined the people.

The budget for the relief of the flooded area was interesting, and as I noted the gift of 40,000 yen from the Mikado for the help of the sufferers I could not but think of the Chinese relief funds which never went further than the pockets of those appointed to collect them.

The Yamato Hotel at Changchun is an interesting and amusing place. When the South Manchurian Railway Company built it some years ago it was regarded as an extravagance; to-day it is by the merest of luck that anyone can obtain a room there for the night, so much so that the management has been obliged to set aside two sleeping compartments on the railway line to accommodate the overflow. The hotel itself is packed to the limit of its capacity with Government officials, journalists, writers, and foreign missions who have come to see what is happening in Manchukuo. The bar and public rooms resound to rumours, paper men hurry about

TE IN THE MAKING—II

By R. V. C. Bodley

trying to control news or steal a march on their colleagues, in the tea room a meeting of a government is held, in the grill room an official banquet. Ministers, generals, business men, reporters rub shoulders in an atmosphere of happy inconsequence.

What a contrast the headquarters of the Kwantung Army, which must not be confused with the Ministry of War, for though it is from the offices that all military operations are directed it is purely Japanese and deals only with the Japanese Army . . . A long passage into which lead countless offices and along the walls of the passage pegs, and on each peg a little cap with a scarlet band and a great samurai war sword, orderly bustle everywhere, officers hurrying to and fro in an atmosphere of intense efficiency—such is the first impression of G.H.Q.

I was received by Major Fujimoto, who literally bounced into the waiting-room and, seizing my hand, stared up at me with intelligent, piercing eyes, and I

AN ADMINISTRATIVE HEADQUARTERS: The temporary Home Office at Changchun, which will ultimately be replaced by a more extensive and elaborate building in better keeping with the city's new importance

could not but help smiling as I thought of the contrast with the last occasion when I had seen him in one of our service clubs in London in the days when he was Japanese Military Attaché. After a few preliminary politenesses, he abruptly asked me why I had come to Manchukuo, and in the same tone I replied to his question. There was no more question of diplomacy; we were two army officers of the same rank and we spoke to one another as such.

Without further ado Major Fujimoto produced a map of Manchuria and, in the manner of an officer explaining a tactical scheme on manœuvres, began telling me what the Japanese Army was doing to suppress the bandits.

In the first place, there are four different categories of brigands who must be dealt with in different ways if the menace is to be permanently destroyed.

There are, first of all, the regular bandits, the Borantia corps and the "volunteer" army, financed and armed by Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, which operate in some sort of military formation and are more or less disciplined. These forces are divided into two main groups, one on the eastern borders of Kirin Province with their backs to the Russian frontier, the other in the Province of Jehol. These troops must be fought to the death as they are too well paid by China to be won over by propaganda. As long as they exist they will remain a menace to peace and order. At the same time their annihilation is not going to be an easy task as, in the first place, the group to the west is in direct communication with Pekin from which it is fed with supplies and reinforcements, while the precipitous nature of the country helps the commander to carry on a guerilla warfare, and in the second it is difficult to get these troops to stand and fight out a definite battle.

"The Chinese Army, you see," said the Major, sadly shaking his head, "will only fight if it is surrounded or has its retreat cut off by some natural obstacle. When these conditions can be brought about we can have a proper engagement, and though it may cost us men, it ends decisively in our favour. Unfortunately the situation rarely arises, and before we can come properly into action the enemy has dispersed into the hills!"

The second group of bandits are those who are professionals and whose means of livelihood has always been brigandage. These men must also be dealt with ruthlessly as they only respect force. Here again there are tremendous difficulties, as it is hard to meet them in battle, and when regular troops appear they scatter and, to all outward appearances, become farmers or peaceful villagers.

The third and fourth categories are the people who are unemployed or hungry, and turn to banditry as a means of livelihood. There are also the religious bandits, the big sword and red spear men, fanatics who fight for a vague cause believing that their charms and amulets will protect them from bullets.

These last groups are dealt with chiefly through propaganda. That is to say, that the armies operating against this type of brigand are accompanied by a propaganda corps and an administrative corps. The propaganda corps explains to the villagers—most of them are temporary bandits—about the new State and the objects of its government, while the administrative corps reorganizes the schools, placing selected Manchukuo teachers to develop the education of the children, who up to date have been taught only anti-foreign propaganda. They likewise build roads and bridges, find work for the unemployed, and form defence corps to protect property from the attack of regular bandits.

Any temporary bandit who surrenders voluntarily is disarmed and found some sort of employment, and if there is no work available is given some money to keep him from immediate want.

I asked Major Fujimoto if he had any statistics of results achieved, to which he replied without hesitation that from reliable secret service information there were 210,000 bandits in June 1932, and at the end of the year 85,000, and that in spite of the floods last summer and the fighting in North Manchuria the bean sales for 1932 had only decreased by 20 per cent., which was evidence in itself of what was "squeezed" out of the farmers by bandits before the situation was taken in hand.

The troops employed to deal with the pacification of the country amounted to 40,000 Japanese regulars, 120,000 Manchukuo forces, and 110,000 police, but up to date there had been insufficient time to train the local troops to fight unsupported by

(Continued on a later page)

PRACTICAL AID: The hospital department in one of the many stations provided by Japan for relief work among Manchukuo refugees

HOW JAPAN IS ASSISTING THE PEOPLE OF THE NEW STATE: A scene at a Japanese relief station for Manchukuo refugees, where those who have suffered either at the hands of bandits or from starvation are provided with the necessities of life until adequate employment can be found

A BAVARIAN WONDER

The Case of Theresa Neumann, the Bavarian Woman Whose Strange Stigmatic Visitations have Aroused the Intervention of the Roman Church

NEAR THE VILLAGE OF KONNERSREUTH: A mountain scene outside the little Bavarian village where Theresa Neumann has spent her life. For many months now crowds have been making pilgrimage to the little tailor's shop of her father, Theresa's home

THE CHURCH INTERVENES: Cardinal Faulhaber, of Bavaria, who has requested Theresa Neumann's father that she be removed to a University Clinic for observation

THE CHRIST: By Albert Dürer, the ecclesiastically minded German artist whose human portrayal of religious subjects marked him as one of the greatest painters of all time

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Should one's work take one nowadays persistently back and forth across the Continent, this Europe is so harassed, so obsessed by economics, so worried about the future, that to escape for a moment from the driving care on all sides, to concentrate, however briefly, upon something different, away, far from the o'erspreading topic, is a natural enough inclination. It was in that frame of mind, at all events, that last summer, finding myself lunching at Freusing, on my way from Prague to Nürnberg, I decided to branch off to the neighbouring village of Konnersreuth. Over the sound Freusing fare and *Dunkel*, I had heard tell of Theresa Neumann.

As I drove off my thoughts went back a dozen years and I was again sitting opposite a very learned scholar and surgeon, named Oliver St. John Gogarty, as the Rome express rattled in and out of those dreadful tunnels between La Spezzia and Genoa. We were returning from the canonization of Joan, and my companion had seized the occasion to inquire into a certain Friar of Foggia up in the Apennines. The Vatican rather frowned on this friar because his alleged bearing of the Divine stigmata had made of him a person of hysterical pilgrimage (the twentieth century Vatican being prudent on this issue), but Senator Gogarty had had the surgeon in him roused. And so, that day in the Rome express, he told me of stigmatized cases.

"It's as dark as this tunnel we're in," I remember his once saying.

I probed in memory now, as I drove to Konnersreuth, for I was hoping to see there the mystery woman of Bavaria, nay, of a large section of the German scientific and medical, to say nothing of the theological world. For Theresa Neumann, in some manner unascertained to this day, reproduces at fixed intervals the sacred scars and wounds and bleedings as none has ever done before.

Although 321 cases of the stigmata have been recognized by the Church of Rome, this total includes forty-seven men — the greatest, of course, of whom was St. Francis; 293 were nuns or monks or priests, leaving but twenty-eight lay cases. Between fifty and sixty were canonized, implying prolonged verification. Nevertheless, it is only since modern science came to town that these cases are really being inquired into. There is nothing derogatory about this. Data *from all sides* exist in only one other instance besides that of the living stigmatized one, and that is the case of Catherine Emmerich of the Westphalian village of Dülmen and who died 109 years ago. The two women's cases being somewhat parallel, a digression in Catherine's respect may be of interest.

Catherine, poor peasant's daughter, lived in stressful times for those of her faith in Germany. Until the age of thirty-eight nothing happened. Then, one day, she developed the cross on her chest; later the piercings of the hands, the marks on the brow, and such signs were to be borne to the end, aged fifty. During those twelve years Catherine became a figure of fame and controversy. We have records of this case such as we have not of any others, which is important. Heine visited the stigmatized one, so did a procession of other prominent ones—doctors, chemists, theologians, Prussian commissions of inquiry, set afoot to disavow the woman. Catherine's ecstasies, fasts, sufferings when the stigmata bled, her "violent and unjust character," her aversion to women, the watching of her for twenty days by twenty men, her revelations — everything has been recorded. Of these last, Huysmans has written: "la plus grande voyante des temps modernes et qui plus est, bien qu'illettrée, une magnifique artiste." Essentially, four men surrounded Catherine: the Abbé Lambert, Dr. Wesen, Confessor Limberg, and the poet Brentano. The last stayed beside Catherine for six years until her death, and followed when she was once kidnapped by a commission. For—note—Catherine always refused a neutral examination outside her own village.

At Dülmen to-day you see the Emmerich cottage, set in one of those fearfully depressing industrial townlets British troops occupied not so long ago, and her room has been reconstructed with a portrait above her bed showing bandaged brow and pierced hands clasping a crucifix. What does it all mean?

Let us on to Konnersreuth and see what this marvellous scientific age, one more century on, has to say in the duplicate but surpassing case of Theresa Neumann—

I could not see her. I had no pass from the Bishop of Ratisbon. Those who have, Theresa receives from 1 to 2 p.m., according to a notice on the door of her father's tailor's shop. Theresa is no invalid as was Catherine. She was so some years back, following the rupture of her spinal column, and which sent her blind, deaf, paralysed (according to the record). Dreadful handicaps which are said to have progressively disappeared, until in 1925 they were gone, and in their stead began to appear the stigmata. Theresa is now thirty-four, and when not under the baffling visitation is fairly normal and cheerful—a blue-eyed Bavarian peasant. As walking draws followers, she motors. A stigmatized one motoring! But why not? she asks. Only when unexplained things happen must she quickly recline.

These happen every Friday, when the eyes, heart, and head bleed. In Lent are added the hands, feet, and shoulder. Theresa usually goes into a trance on Thursday at midnight, and it lasts till 1 p.m. the following day. She says she re-lives the Passion during that period, in thirty visions. Sometimes as many as a score of privileged ones watch, terrified, the spasms as Theresa sits abed, her hands stretched forward, and then the scarlet trickling. "Blood flows from her eyes, covers her cheeks, the white bandage round her head grows red, forming a crown, near the heart a red mark spreads on her raiment. The stigmata on the hands are visible, but do not bleed."

Once, Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich sat long at the foot of the bed while the full bleeding manifested itself. The Cardinal looked intently at the suffering, far-away woman, made notes, and later spoke that the time was not yet to say anything, one way or the other. Prudence.

One reason, perhaps, was that the Communistic and "Left" Press were saying the most awful things about this stricken woman; not only that she was a fraud or hypnotized, but chapter and verse relating to very worldly circumstances when Theresa had allegedly toured with a circus!

Theresa always carries the stigmata signs: eight small markings round her head, in her hair: a large imprint on the shoulder where rested the cross: four marks on the hands and feet for the crucifixion: a large scar just above the heart. None other has ever, apparently, been so visited. Only less dumbfounding is the fact that this woman has eaten nothing since September 30, 1927. Can it be possible? Can it be true? Well, all there is to be said is that Theresa has been under observation for varying periods and that the problem remains at this writing in its entirety. Nor is the mystery lessened by Theresa's normality between visitations. Then she receives privileged ones, not writhing in bed, and seemingly of another world, but with a "Grüss Gott!" and ordinary conversation. She shows you her thirty birds fluttering in a large cage. She moves about in white veil and black robe reaching to her ankles. She tells of the letters she receives from all over the world, "and in such funny languages—and I only know our dialect!" To freethinkers, she answers; also to those asking a cure for the world crisis (I need not insist what she answers). She appears fresh yet hardly ever sleeps (again according to the record). What is it? Hypnotism? Hysteria? Fraud? Divine? Diabolical? Those are the five.

Rarely absent is her father, a beefy Bavarian, and here an important interpolation has to be made: he simply will not let his daughter go to a clinic for a neutral examination. Everyone, from Church and science, has implored him. *No!*

I am afraid I have been guilty of thoroughly bad journalism this week. The first thing a scrivener is told is to put the news first. I have kept it until the end.

Last October a conference of Bishops convened at Freusing, and gave the father this option: either he submitted to the neutral clinical examination or the Church would disinterest itself in his daughter's case and advise the faithful no longer to go in pilgrimage, as they have thronged. The beefy tailor has just given answer after months of cogitation, and it is: *No!*

Theresa's body shall not be delivered to the scientists, but as many of them as wish, a hundred of them, can come to the Neumann house at Konnersreuth!

Why that *No?* Medical and scientific Germany, that most advanced of scientific and medical lands, are quite put out, so keen are they to move, maybe, another inch along the way of knowledge by minute and uncontrolled investigation of this woman while yet she lives. Even were the result a blank, a great query, the advance would be no less supremely precious. The tailor of Konnersreuth says no. And in doing so, fans on mystery. Since few of the host who have seen the bleeding but leave silent, shaking their heads, many aghast.

AFRICAN WILD GAME

Seen from Land and Air

"CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PACE FROM DAY TO DAY": A baby rhinoceros, caught with a lasso, being led through the bush veld during a recent German expedition in Central Africa. The unwilling animal was offered from time to time a little milk in a suckling bottle, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that it could be persuaded to take anything. The lethargic rate of progress seen in this picture was maintained by the party until the expedition reached their boat. Rhinoceros, formerly found throughout Africa, are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and by degrees are retreating from the plains to the more remote bush

DRINKING TIME AT AN AFRICAN WATER-HOLE: An unusual picture of a herd of Grant's zebra and blue wildebeest (brindled gnu) taken in East Central Africa. This type of zebra is usually very fat and is one of the favourite foods of plain-dwelling lions. The blue wildebeest, with its grotesquely disproportioned head, long curving horns, and hindquarters closely resembling those of an ill-formed horse, is one of the speediest animals of the African plains. It cannot be hunted down by dogs and seldom stays in one place for more than a short time

THE SPRINGBOK—SOUTH AFRICA'S NATIONAL EMBLEM: Springbok in flight across the Khudo plain between Mariental and Windhoek, South West Africa. This picture, which was taken from an Armstrong Siddeley Junkers aeroplane, demonstrates the extraordinary speed of these animals, the swiftest and most prolific of all the antelopes

ON THE PLAINS OF TANGANYIKA: A herd of Grant's gazelle on the Serengetti Plains. These shy creatures are found only between British East Africa and Lake Rudolf where they are conside chief trophies to be found on the plains. Their massive horns, often 28 in. in height, are the longest and most beautifully curved of all the gazelles

The magic and the deep compelling charm of the African veld, with its burning sunsets and gently undulating plains, hold for the student of Nature an irresistible fascination. Here is Nature unspoiled by the inroads of a too crude civilizing process, a country where only the fauna which inhabit it can withstand for long the dearth of cultivation and water supplies. Our illustrations on this page, several of which were taken from the air on the South-West African mail route show antelope and gazelle in their natural surroundings. The most shy and timid of creatures, except when attacked, they possess a grace and a speed in action which have been largely instrumental in their preservation from wholesale extermination at the ha hunters. To-day, they are the quarry of the photogr his unfailing patience, has gained a pictorial record and characteristics which before the advent of the fil have been well-nigh impossible

ANTELOPE : The Graceful Fauna of the African Plains. Some New Pictures from the Air Taken on the West African Mail Route

A BEAST OF THE OPEN PLAINS: The Cape hartebeest, perhaps the most timid and stupid of South African fauna, seen from an Armstrong Siddeley Junkers aeroplane while crossing the Khudo plain, on the South West African mail route. The hartebeest stands about 4 ft. high, is dark chestnut in colour, and its head is very long and narrow, an indication of its mediocre brain power. It is able to maintain life for long periods at a stretch at a distance from water. *Left:* A herd of Grant's gazelle on the plains of British East Africa

they are considered one of the
es

nation at the hands of big game
y of the photographer, who, with
a pictorial record of their habits
advent of the film camera would
igh impossible

THE FIGHTING ANTELOPE OF SOUTH AFRICA: Gemsbok, disturbed by the arrival of an aeroplane, rush madly across the open veld. These powerful and handsome antelope are among the fiercest of their kind, and on several occasions have been known to ward off the attack of a lion, two skeletons having been found together, with the head of the lion transfixed by the vicious horns of the antelope. There are many who claim that the gemsbok is in all probability the origin of the mythical unicorn, its two horns when seen in profile appearing as one

WHERE LION, ZEBRA, AND GIRAFFE Roam Wild In Kruger National Park

RONDAVELS, NEAR KRUGER NATIONAL PARK: A convenient headquarters from which to make tours of the famous Transvaal Game Reserve. The Park, which was constituted by Act of Parliament in 1926, is over 200 miles in length. During the winter months between May and November it has proved an outstanding attraction to naturalists and tourists. It contains over 125,000 head of game

IN EASTERN TRANSVAAL: A motor car crossing the Sabie River by raft, en route for the Sabie Game Reserve, one of the show places of South Africa. The Reserve is known as the Pretorius Kop section of Kruger National Park which lies some fifty-eight miles distant from the thriving gold mining township of Sabie. This district is noted for some of the most magnificent scenery in the Union

The world's most wonderful sanctuary for wild life lies in the north-eastern portion of the Transvaal between the Crocodile River on the south, and the Limpopo River and Rhodesia on the north. Those who are able to visit South Africa between the months of May and November should not fail to make a trip by car to this fascinating spot. The marvellous scenery of the Drakensberg followed by the thrills which await you on the Reserve are things never to be forgotten. It is difficult to choose which route to take as each has its individual charm, but if a fortnight can be spared, there is a very fine tour which can be made by entering the Reserve at the northern end and returning by Komatipoort and the Crocodile River.

Leaving Johannesburg on a gloriously sunny day, we ran due north to Pretoria, where there is much of interest to be seen, then to Nylstroom, Pietersburg, through wonderful forest country and the famous Magoctes Kloof. Another delightful route takes you east after leaving Pretoria to Machadadorp, White River, and Matimba. It was at White River after passing through groves of citron trees looking so wonderful in the setting sun with their heavy crop of oranges, lemons, and grape fruit that I recaptured a sensation I had not felt since childhood! The sun had set and there was the afterglow like a fire which is so beautiful in Africa. We had reached a small dorp called Plastow and, turning left, entered—Fairyland. This was my first introduction to "rondavels" (thatched houses). Here they were all shapes and sizes with lights twinkling from their tiny windows and doors like fairy mushrooms growing in a delightful garden. A steady two hours' run then brought us to one of the entrances to the Park, consisting of a gate across the road. Here we paid £1 for our permit, assured the authorities that we did not carry firearms, and received a small pamphlet of "Hints"! Here is one: "Don't get within 100 yards of a lioness with small cubs. She will think you mean to harm them and may take steps to prevent your doing so."

All this was very thrilling, and from the moment we entered the Park we were on the alert watching closely for what might be crouching behind the rocks or in the long grass. The country is fairly open but interspersed with rocky kopjes, the home of the baboons, river beds (which in the rainy season are roaring torrents), thorn trees, and enormous cactus. We had not penetrated more than a couple of miles before we spotted our first game! Large herds of wildebeest were grazing quietly not far off. As a rule they do not pay much attention to cars, but one herd took us rather by surprise when they raced alongside for some distance, finally stampeding across the road in front.

A WANDERER IN THE FOREST: The blue wildebeest, or brindled gnu, seen on the bushveld in the Eastern Transvaal. Although possessing great speed these animals when they grow old are unable to keep up the incessant watch which the maintenance of life demands, and soon fall a prey to the lion. The number of skeletons on the veld bears testimony to this

Giraffe are the most difficult to spot as their mottled coats tone in with the sun and shade. They are very curious, and when the car was stopped came right up and peered in over the sunshine roof! The wart hog is a strange and ugly animal. He is quite harmless, and though he looks fierce with his curled tusks he has a comical tail with a knob at the tip, which sticks straight up when watching you.

It was about half-an-hour before sunset that there was a whisper—"lions beside the path!" The brakes were jammed on, and we backed the car to within a few feet of the most beautiful specimens. Never shall I forget the wonder and thrill of being able to gaze at the "king of beasts," untrammelled by bars of captivity!

One lazily got up, stretching himself like a great cat, but keeping his eyes fixed on us all the time, and as much interested in this queer purring monster as we were in them. We could not delay long, as, following the rules of the reserve, we had to be in camp half-an-hour after sunset, and we still had some miles to go to reach headquarters camp.

On enquiry at the store, we heard there were no beds to be had. There were so many visitors that some would need to sleep in their cars! But nothing daunted we commandeered boxes and pillows and with plenty of rugs and karosses we managed to make ourselves very comfortable in the shower rooms! An alfresco supper on the step of the car with the self-same boxes as table completed a perfect day. It is becoming quite a holiday trip to spend from a week to ten days in these camps, going out in your car at sunrise, watching the lions finishing their night's kill, then back for your own breakfast! Off again to find the tamer animals coming out into the open, fearless now the sun is shining. The crocodiles crawling out on the banks to bask in the heat and the hippos playing in the pools. At mid-day you are ready for a good dinner and sleep till tea time, after which it is time to start on fresh trails till sunset.

C. Donaldson

A RARE SPECIMEN: The giraffe gazelle, among the least known of African fauna, seen in a characteristic attitude in Frankfurt Zoological Gardens

GRACE AND TIMIDITY: The giraffe gazelle, so named because it combines features of the two animals. Note the long delicate neck, a characteristic in-bred from its more lofty cousin

BOOKS

By

CECIL ROBERTS

The obituary notices on John Galsworthy must have caused many readers to have speculated upon literary fame. In the last fifteen years he has been regarded as the pre-eminent man of letters among the English-speaking peoples. With the *Forsyte Saga* it was considered he had reserved for himself for all time a niche in the Hall of the Immortals. His name was a household word not only in England and the United States, but in Germany, France, and Scandinavia, where the Forsyte family stood for the typical English of the middle class. I naturally expected that on his death the critics would unite to lament the passing of our most distinguished novelist. But what depreciatory, petty, niggling notices they gave him! Is fashion in the literary world as fickle as that of the feminine world? While no critic had the temerity to suggest that Galsworthy could not write, there were many suggestions that his creations were puppets, that he was class-bound, that he had no sense of the spirit of the age, that he had wasted his time on a state of society that no longer existed. Few paid tribute to his extreme sensitiveness, his innate decency, the plea he made for honourable living, his stern criticism of selfishness and Philistinism.

The death of George Moore drew forth extravagant eulogies of his prose style, which was often extremely tiresome; they slurred over his incessant indecency, his complete detachment from life in its most common and natural phases. He was an artist, all must agree, but surely he was a very limited artist, jealous minded, narrow in his appreciation, and incapable of reaching few save the eclectics. He almost made a stunt of the rare edition, and I was continuously amused by the large number of Moorites who never cut the pages or read a line of the Master. They burnt incense to the prophet of Ebury Street, they knew all about the few distinguished guests and the Aubusson carpet, but in reality they were not greatly stirred by the writer. He had a canny gift of publicity, he succeeded in making himself a distinct personality. He influenced ten where Galsworthy influenced 10,000. Yet the obituary notices of the two men would give the impression that Galsworthy had outworn his mission and had lost his influence; that Moore, to the end, was a force in the literary world.

It makes one wonder if anything endures in this inconstant era, if any literary reputation is worth earning, if any of the critics have the courage to proclaim anything meritorious that is popular or twenty years old, so anxious are they to acclaim genius only ten days old. The advertisement columns, with their blatant puffs, adjacent to the obituary notices of Galsworthy, made strange reading in their juxtaposition. Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* "will remain as a curious monument to a class that has vanished, if it can be said ever to have existed," said a notice, side by side with the proclamation of the same critic, in an advertisement that "Miss B——'s first novel fills us with the excitement that the revelation of undeniable genius produces."

Mr. Francis Rennell Rodd, who distinguished himself before he became a banker as an explorer in North Africa, where he pursued interesting anthropological studies, has unearthed a strange and forgotten episode of history in *General William Eaton* (Routledge. 12s. 6d.). This American officer was the first to raise, in 1805, the American flag on foreign soil, and thus lay the foundation of an American colony in Africa. He was originally Consul on the Barbary coast, and his territorial conquest arose from his determination to put an end to the demands of the Barbary pirates. He gathered an army of strange assortments and led an expedition from Alexandria across the desert to Derna. This march deserves to be remembered in military history, for it was an astonishing performance. Arrived at Derna, together with a straggling army composed of soldiers of fortune, some Arabs, and the deposed Bashaw of Tripoli, he laid siege to the city and took possession of it. Eaton, having taken the city with his 200 men and 2,000 disreputable Arabs, had relied on a diversion being created by the American Navy off Tripoli. But the American Fleet let him down. There followed a shameful betrayal of Eaton, who was compelled to evacuate the city he had conquered. With this retreat disappeared forever the possibility of America having a colony in Africa. Had Eaton been backed by a resolute home policy and by naval support, as had been promised, then America's establishment on the African coast might have changed the course of Mediterranean and European history.

With great patience Mr. Rodd has pieced together this epic story of General William Eaton. A man of violent habits, generous and headstrong, incapable of conserving his own fortune and yet meticulous in his handling of public funds, his

HERO OF A FORGOTTEN EPISODE: General William Eaton, the American soldier who was the first to raise the United States flag on African soil. His march on Derna is described in his biography by Mr. Francis Rennell Rodd, published by George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.

rugged character was of the nature of successful and desperate adventurers. His skill as a soldier, demonstrated in his remarkable march, must have been considerable, and in another field he might have immortalized his name. The end was a sad one. Proud, conscious of having been betrayed, he grew old in neglect. His memorials are slender—a dilapidated fort in North Africa, known still as "the American Fort," a small street in Boston called "Derna Street," and a poem written by Whittier which tells the story of the attack on Derna. There is now added to these Mr. Francis Rennell Rodd's study of the man and his achievement. It is a story vividly told, full of intrigue and action, and, apart from the interesting speculations it provokes, this careful reconstruction of a forgotten campaign by a man with a touch of genius and great daring is a most absorbing study of the failure of an idea, and an example once more of the politicians failing the man in the field. Mr. Rodd might, with some justice, have suggested an analogy with General Gordon, except that Eaton did not achieve a spectacular sacrifice.

The translation of M. Octave Aubry's *Napoleon II* (Routledge. 12s. 6d.) is late in the field. There have already been several excellent studies of the little King of Rome, and there is nothing very singular in M. Aubry's contribution to the series. He is the kind of historian of whom I am extremely suspicious. He goes in for imaginative reconstruction, and I am not prepared to accept these invented conversations. How does he know that "at the sight of so many gold-laced uniforms marching behind Delmott's coffin the little king kept hopping from one foot to another, exclaiming 'How pretty it is!'" The translation is poor, unless M. Aubry is responsible in the original text for some of the sentences that are so puzzling. What, for instance, does this mean? "Among them all the pasty face of the Emperor Franz seemed to show the greatest panic—though there were those who accused him of complicity in the escape of his son-in-law—without looking at Metternich, we may be sure." And we are provided with a supreme example of the art of ruining a *bon mot*. It was the Prince de Ligne who, asked "Comment marche le Congrès?" replied, "Il ne marche pas, il danse!" It appears in this book—"The Congress is dancing," said the Prince de Ligne in French just before his death; "it is not proceeding."

These two novels, *Kept Man* by Rosaline Wade (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) and *This Is My Man* by W. B. Maxwell (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.),

BOOKS TO READ

MOZART, by Marcia Davenport (Heinemann, Ltd. 12s. 6d.).

DEATH OF A FLEET (1917-1919), by Paul Schubert and Langhorne Gibson (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)

A COUNT IN THE FO'C'SLE, by Count Jean Louis D'Esque (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.).

THE COAST OF TREASURE, by Lawrence A. Green (Putnam. 10s. 6d.).

APRIL GIFT, by Jean Herbert (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

TO-MORROW IS YESTERDAY, by Andrew Soutar (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

Extravagant Eulogies of George Moore and Inadequate Honour to John Galsworthy — When America Might have had an African Colony—*Kept Man*: A Conventionally Unconventional Novel

make an interesting contrast of the ultra-modern and the conventional ways of treating a commonplace story. Miss Wade's heroine is named Frankie, which is typical of the growing and confusing habit of giving girls men's names in modern fiction. The story is conventionally unconventional. Frankie leaves home in revolt and takes service as a companion drudge. She wants to be loved. She meets Val, a contemptible bounder, who is kept by a married woman with a contemptible husband. Val seduces her, leaves her, she expects a child, goes home, and finds her alarm is unfounded. The story is served up with a little Communism and no reticence. It is competently written and banal in its ruthless frankness.

Mr. Maxwell's lovers are impossible asses. The man is a kind of Colonel Lawrence–Montagu Norman amalgam of shyness and wealth. The woman is monstrously modest and ludicrously flighty when she is married. Enter a bounder who bounds with her. There follows separation, then reunion when they are in the peerage and dotage. It is well done. Mr. Maxwell knows his craft too well to be incompetent, but this kind of novel has provoked the senseless revolt of the other kind. Val the gigolo, and Wainfleet the prig, are equally preposterous and dull. The one in society, and the other out of it are novelists' dummies, despite clever draping.

We all know of Pirandello, the dramatist, but here is a new Pirandello, the short story writer, *Better Think Twice About It* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). There are twelve stories in this collection, and every one is excellent. They cover a wide field of human interest, though the scenes are chiefly Sicily and Rome. On the Continent, Pirandello has long had a reputation for his short stories. It is well deserved. He writes of the island he was born in. For twenty-six years he was fated to teach in a girls' school in Rome, until his fame brought him independence. "And now for six years I have finished with it, and I thank God." He has written thirteen volumes of short stories, seven novels, seven volumes of poetry and twenty-eight plays. One story, *The Other Son*, is a delightful tale of a Sicilian peasant woman, and takes us back to the fearful days of brigandage. *The King Set Free* shows how a master can use the slightest material with effect, for this is a humorous story of a cockerel whose escape wrecked the lives of two neighbours. *Black Horses* tells us of some horses who were puzzled at the nature of the transport service in which they were so slowly and elegantly employed and who finally discovered they were funeral horses. Every story has a deft situation and a skilful dénouement. It is a most delightful entertainment throughout, and one is glad to think there are twelve more possible volumes.

Those of us who are somewhat perturbed by recent events in Germany will read with alarm Herr Edgar Mowrer's book, *Germany Puts Back the Clock* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), which is a detailed study of the rise of Hitlerism to power and of the remilitarisation of the German people. Herr Mowrer is depressed by the advent of Hitler. It is the ascendency of the rule of the jackboot again. "Without world economic depression Adolf Hitler would have been less successful. But in any democratic age he would have been able to play a considerable rôle. For the simple reason that he is, perhaps, the greatest contemporary master of mob psychology, and in his party propaganda occupies the chief place." He has offered everybody everything. "Speaking to the expropriated middle class, he attacked the Socialist workmen, to the workmen the greedy capitalists. To all he promised a greater Fatherland, no more reparations, national expansion with more territory, and a helpless, ever-present scapegoat for all their errors and mistakes and suffering in the form of the Jews." This book makes ominous reading. It explains the series of events and tragedies that have driven Germany to her present desperate surrender.

Yet another book on Russia, but an excellent one, *Babel Visited*, by J. G. Lockhart (Centenary Press. 3s. 6d.). The sub-title is "A Churchman in Russia." It is a pity this label has been added, for this is no sectarian survey of the Soviet. Within its compass this is the most concise, balanced, and open-minded study I have read. Mr. Lockhart is as ready to hail the good as to point out the lamentable. The point he makes, in conclusion, is that unless we set our house in order Christian civilization, as we have allowed it to become, must perish before the determined onslaught of these disciples of Karl Marx. It is not enough to denounce Bolshevism; it has some qualities that reveal a social conscience which we have obscured. Mr. Lockhart is the kind of eye-witness whose report does a real service to students of the Russian experiment.

BAYREUTH EN FÊTE

BAYREUTH CURIOS: Stuffed animals and birds hanging in a loft of the Wagner Theatre during the winter. These are real stuffed birds, and when seen under the lime-light during a performance have the appearance of being alive

IN THE JUBILEE CITY: The Owl Tavern, one of the sights of Bayreuth, and a famous trysting place of notabilities

STAGE PROPERTIES: *Above*—Goblets which will be used in the jubilee performances of *Parsifal* at the Bayreuth Theatre. It is to be conducted by Toscanini. *Left*—Fräulein Helena Wallem, founder of the festival, displays Wagner's unique self-constructed umbrella in the way the Master used to carry it

WHERE WAGNER LIVED AND WORKED: An interior at Wahnfried, the house in Bayreuth which was built in 1874 according to Wagner's instructions, showing Frau Winifred Wagner with her eldest son who is to continue his grandfather's work. The boy is seated on the music stool which his great-grandfather, Franz Liszt, made himself

RICH WAG

Born May
Died Feb.

A HELP IN TROUBLE: Mathilde Wesendonck, who did so much to help Wagner while in exile

MINNA PLANER, Wagner's first wife, from whom he was separated in 1861. She died in Dresden in 1866

This month, celebrating as it does the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Richard Wagner, must naturally be regarded as an outstanding landmark in musical history. To-day the little Bavarian city of Bayreuth, the scene of so many of his triumphs, and where he died in 1883, honours the great composer at the Richard Wagner Gedankstatts. During years of patient and untiring research Fräulein Helena Wallem, a pupil of Glosenapp, a Wagner biographer, has collected everything that she could referring to the great Master, and these this year will be shown at the festival with all the latest additions. In fact it may be said that this year's celebration will be a paradise for Wagner lovers, hardly a detail in its correct chronological succession in the composer's life having been omitted. The story of Richard Wagner forms one of the most interesting individual romances of a life of idealistic endeavour in a century which positively abounded in creative personalities. Born in Leipzig in 1813, the

FOR THE WAGNER JUBILEE

PREPARING FOR THE SEASON! *Above*—The vast collection of Teutonic swords used in the operas being taken out of their scabbards to see whether they are fit for use. The festival plays will begin in Bayreuth on July 21. *Right*—The granddaughter of Wagner shows the chair her great-grandfather, Franz Liszt, made for himself. He was in the habit of leaning far back when playing, and consequently needed an adjustable seat

THE CITY TO-DAY: Market Square in Bayreuth. In spite of modern developments in Bavaria the city still retains its old-world atmosphere

A FAITHFUL FRIEND: Herr Christian Ebersberg, inspector of the Bayreuth Theatre, and a faithful friend of the Wagner family. He is seen here examining some of the stage property

ARD
NER
22, 1813
13, 1883

WAGNER'S SECOND WIFE: Frau Cosima Wagner, the daughter of Liszt, who married Wagner in 1870

THE CABINET SECRETARY of King Ludwig II, who conveyed to Wagner the King's invitation for him to live in Bayreuth

youngest of nine children, Wagner received an excellent classical education, revealing during his studies a passion for poetry and composition. After several years of hard and systematic work, Wagner in 1839 determined to try his fortune in Paris with *Rienzi*, a new opera somewhat ambitious in its scope. He was to be bitterly disappointed, and during the following months learnt something of the meaning of real poverty. His life during the immediately succeeding years was one of many ups and downs; a political outcast from Saxony for his revolutionary sympathies, he managed to cross the frontier. For twelve years he suffered hardships and exile. Then at last, while broken in health, his chance came, an invitation from King Ludwig of Bavaria offering him security. How Wagner seized that opportunity and produced the magnificent series of grand operas which brought him fame, is a tribute not only to the man who succoured him, but to his own genius and undaunted determination. He died suddenly at his home in Bayreuth on February 13, 1883

A WAGNER AUTHORITY: Frau Houston Stewart Chamberlain (née Wagner), the only daughter of Richard and Cosima Wagner and a grandchild of Liszt. She is consulted in all artistic matters concerning new productions of Wagner's work. She is seen here in her extensive musical library, where she is now busily engaged in planning details for the festival

THE REALITY of RITZ:

There Really Was a Man of the Name of Ritz who Started the Famous Hotels and His Genial Widow Still Presides Over the Ritz in Paris

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE GREAT HÔTELIER: César Ritz as he was at the height of his career

For the first time in her life, Madame Ritz, the most famous woman in the hotel business, has given a full-length interview. Such is her horror of reporters that she has given up visiting London. Over a magnificently served meal, and with it went a luscious white wine, Château Latour 1900, a bottle of Pommery 1915, and some uncommonly old brandy, Madame Ritz told me something of the life of her husband and of the giant organizations over which she still presides with her two directors.

I had always thought that Madame Ritz, who has been a widow for fifteen years, must be at least eighty years old. I found that she was a charming woman, admittedly white-haired, but with bright hazel eyes and looking not a day more than the sixty-four years which is her age. She is still in charge of all the interior furnishing and decorations, from bed linen to divans, in the hotel which bears her late husband's name. The hotel she regards as a monument to the late M. Ritz, whose memory must be as carefully preserved as the châlet in Switzerland where he was born, and which she visits religiously every August.

Madame Ritz has the suite 4, 5, 6 on the first floor facing the Place Vendôme. She has a son who is not, however, in the hotel business, two lap dogs, and an excellent memory. During luncheon, and afterwards, a number of most entertaining statistics emerged. One was that the annual rent of those show cases that line the long corridor between the Place Vendôme and the rue Cambon entrance is 8,000 francs a year, with an extra 1,000 francs for electric light. Four years ago there were more than a hundred. To-day there are still ninety show cases in the hotel. These show cases are an excellent example of how Ritz turned his liabilities into assets. When the extension of the hotel took place, the guests, so Madame Ritz told me, objected strenuously to walking down the long dull corridor, and nobody wanted the bedrooms on that side of the hotel. The gallery of glittering show cases was the result. To-day they still call it "Le Chemin de Dames." After that it became the most sought-after wing in the building.

"My husband was a most tactful and diplomatic man," says Madame Ritz. He always knew the exact thing to say. When the late King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, dined for the first time in public in the restaurant at the Carlton, which my husband was managing, he at once approached and thanked him for having enabled him to win a large sum of money on a race that day which the King's horse had won. When guests were going abroad, my husband used to write out an itinerary for them, and then secretly would send to all the hôteliers *en route* full particulars of his clients' peculiarities. It was at our Hôtel de Provence at Cannes, I believe, that King Edward became first engaged to Queen Alexandra. Later, the King gave me a brooch and my husband a cravat.

"It was at the age of twelve that my husband left the little village of Niederwald in the Canton du Valais. His parents were poor people, but of an old family. The second storey of their châlet was built in the seventeenth century, but the first storey was built in the twelfth. It had no bathroom. Yet this poor family of Ritz produced at least one genius every century. There were the sculptor and the painter of that name, *par exemple*. Anyway, my husband, César, was twelve years old when he went to work at the Hôtel Couronne et Poste at Brigue. When he was fourteen he went to Paris and became the only waiter at a little hotel of twenty or thirty bedrooms. From here he went to Voisin's in the rue St. Honoré, and then to the restaurant in the Paris Zoo where he became a director, although he was still in his 'teens. Before he was twenty-one he became asssistant manager of the Hôtel Rigi at Kulm, near Lucerne. You see how quickly he rose?"

RITZ'S BIRTHPLACE: The old twelfth-century châlet at Niederwald, in the Canton du Valais, Switzerland, where César Ritz was born. The second storey of the house was added in the seventeenth century

It is of interest that this list of places where Ritz worked as a youth can never have been published before, because some minutes' conversation between his widow and M. Rey, her managing-director were necessary before they were able to piece together his career from barefoot boy to king of luxury hotels.

"Next he went to the Grand Hotel at Nice of which he became a director when just twenty-one. Imagine!" Madame Ritz continued. "Then he became a director of an hotel at San Remo and of the Hôtel Splendide in Paris and of the Roches Noires at Trouville, which was a very chic and elegant establishment in those days. Next he progressed to the Hôtel Britannique at Menton, of which he became a director, as also of the Hôtel National at Lucerne in the summer and the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo. After that he became a director of the Hôtel de Provence where King Edward stayed so often, and then of the Casino Restaurant at Baden-Baden. It was just before Mr. D'Oyly Carte invited him to open the Savoy in London in 1888 that we met and married. He was a small man with very bright blue eyes and dressed in the height of fashion. Whenever he entered a room he could tell at a glance if anything was wrong. With the staff he was very popular. He allowed them to make two mistakes, but after the third they had to go. To-day, whenever I travel I always find at least one or two of my husband's old employees at the hotel at which I am staying. And they all speak devotedly of him. He was a very fair man."

Ritz stayed a week to open the Savoy, but after six months he was recalled to put it on its feet again. In those days supper in a public restaurant during the week was as much unheard of as dinner in public on Sundays. Ritz started both these fashions, and also the possibly reprehensible vogue for music at meal time.

"All this time," Madame Ritz continued, "he wished to return to Paris to create his idea of an hotel with a bedroom for every bathroom. He tried it out experimentally on a new wing of the Grand Hotel in Rome, and it was a great success to everyone's surprise. It was at the Grand in Rome where he met Escoffier, who is now eighty-six and writing his memoirs. It was also at this hotel that he first introduced coloured frescoes on the walls and ceilings of the bedrooms.

"The Ritz in Paris was opened on June 5, 1898. M. Rey here joined us in the November of that year, and we still have one or two of our staff, including the head cellarer, who were with us from before the opening. The Ritz cost 5,000,000 francs to build, when francs were worth 10d. each. Previously the Banque Immobilière existed here. In 1912 it was enlarged to its present size with 200 bedrooms. At that time the Ritz bar was the Café Parisien. When it was turned into a cocktail bar only men were allowed there, until some American women guests complained of the ban. So we turned the writing-room into the room where they are allowed nowadays. It soon became crowded, and as he *could not enlarge the room, my husband made the chairs smaller.*"

There in a single sentence lurks the genius of César Ritz. There is no space to tell in detail of how he took over the Carlton Hotel in London, bringing Escoffier, who invented Pêche Melba, with him, or even of the drama at the Savoy Hotel when the Duc d'Orléans asked for a special suite for the wedding breakfast for his sister and her bridegroom. The Duke d'Aosta. This suite had already been booked by the Guards Club for a luncheon at which King Edward was going to be present. All Ritz could do was to arrange the wedding breakfast in the basement, which, however, was turned into such a bower of roses that nobody was any the wiser. Unfortunately, the Duc d'Orléans had broken his leg recently, and there was no lift. But Ritz survived even this hectic experience and turned it into a triumph.

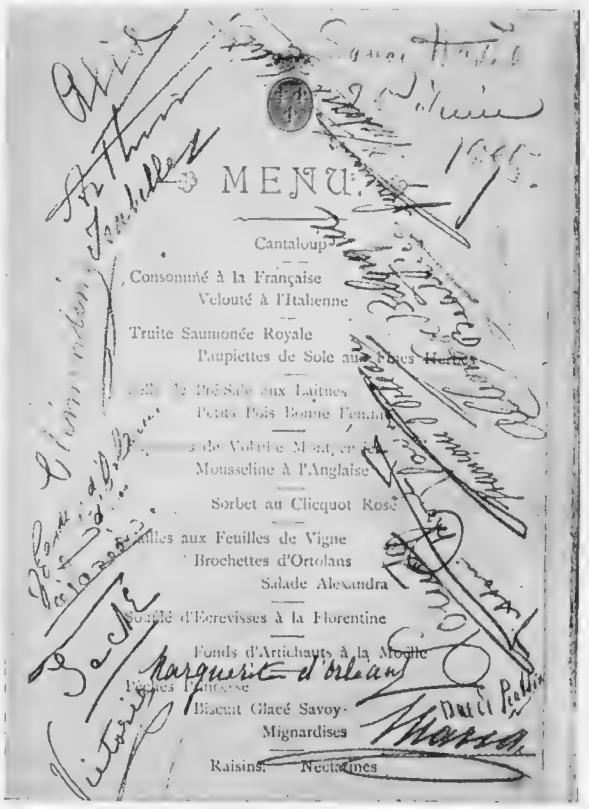
"Several air bombs fell just outside the hotel in the Place Vendôme during the War, and much glass was broken. The Duke of Connaught was occupying the suite next to this one during a big air raid. But it did not disturb him at all.

"To-day life is very placid. Of course we must keep up with the times, and we spent 1,500,000 francs in 1923 in installing new baths and so on. Things are depressed now, but there is always a demand for just one hotel which is above all the others. To-day we have only 400 employees attached to the hotel compared with 600 in 1928 and 1929. But things are not so bad. Look at this menu of a dinner given in this hotel a few months ago. There were eleven guests, and the bill came to more than 10,000 francs, although the two chief wines were supplied by the host.

"What else can I tell you about my husband? Well, he was a thirteenth child, and still has two nephews and nieces in Niederwald. Many times they have been asked if they would like to come and work and live in Paris, but they prefer the peasant life." Madame Ritz sighed. "When I went back twenty years after to see the house in which my husband was born, I found it all in order, with flowers on the table and electricity installed. They had spent many pounds on it and yet had never asked me for the money.

"My husband was very difficult to please, but he was never brusque, and was most elegant in his manner. He always went to an English tailor, and had an easy style with diplomats and royalties. One of his favourite remarks was that in his day he was the quickest and best waiter in the world—with one exception. This was a waiter who served him in a little café at an exhibition in Vienna."

And what a dramatic note on which to finish! For Monsieur Ritz did not employ him. Who was that unknown waiter, and what became of him?



A TREASURED HEIRLOOM: The menu of the royal wedding breakfast provided by M. Ritz at the Savoy Hotel after the marriage of Princess Helena d'Orléans, daughter of the Duke d'Orléans, to the Duke of Aosta—an heirloom treasured by Madame Ritz. It is dated 1895

THE CAPITAL

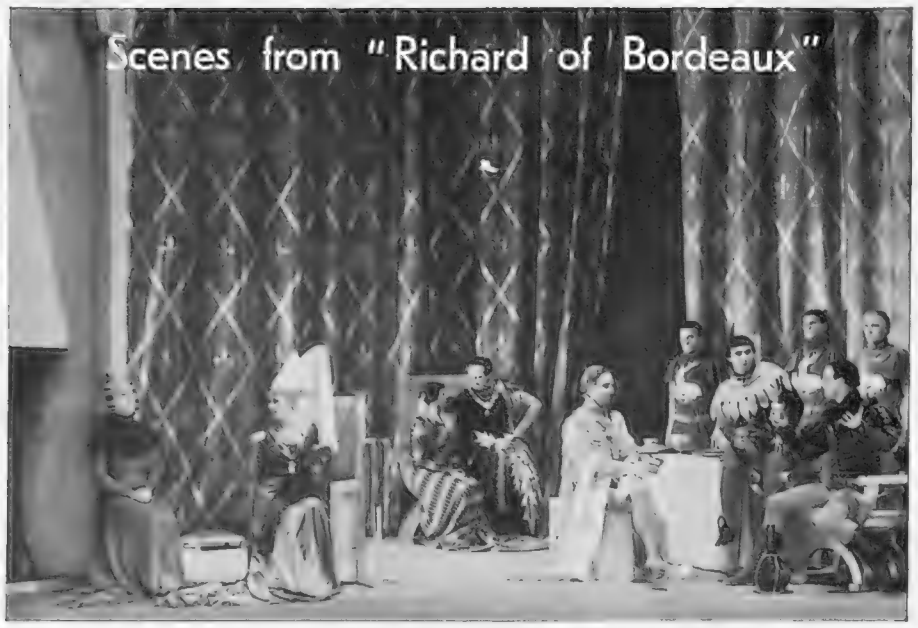
REORGANIZING THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: It is hoped that the new wing will be opened by the King, whose portrait by Sir John Lavery is seen being transferred from the old to the new rooms

LONDON TRAFFIC MENACE: Sensitive instruments are being used at the base of the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner to test the vibrations set up by the heavy stream of traffic at this point. It is thought that the stonework of the memorial is in danger

CRYSTAL HEAD-DRESSES: At the marriage last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. George Lionel Kitson and Miss Audrey Eleanor McLeod, the bridesmaids were very picturesquely attired

OUR ORIGINAL STREET-SELLERS: Salesmanship is as much a factor in newspaper selling as in any other business. This enterprising display, seen in London last week, celebrated the recovery of the "Ashes" by Jardine and his men

PRE-NUPTIAL SHOPPING: Miss Margaret Whigham (centre) leaving Bruton Street after a visit to the dressmakers, where she defied superstition by trying on her wedding gown prior to her marriage to Mr. Charles Sweeney. She is seen here with Mrs. Kenneth Hollway and Miss Jeanne Stourton



THE HEARTY BOLINGBROKE HOLDS FORTH: An animated scene from *Richard of Bordeaux*. Henry, Earl of Derby, and afterwards to be Henry IV (Henry Mollison), describes his adventures in Palestine. In the centre, foreground, is the young King, Richard II (John Gielgud), while on the left is his wife, Anne of Bohemia (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies)

PLAYS: By Philip Page

"Between Friends"—Basil Foster's Latest Venture—Owl-like Solemnity About the Public School Spirit

A COMMON AMBITION: Richard II (John Gielgud) with his Queen, Anne of Bohemia (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies), in the days when they had a common ambition: Peace with France. With Anne's tragic death from plague Richard, heartbroken, and in pursuance of his ideals, marries Isabella, the youthful daughter of Charles VI of France

IN THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ELTHAM: Seated on the left is Robert de Vere (Francis Lister), the court favourite of brilliant wit; on right, Sir Simon Burley, the King's tutor (George Howe)

"THE WICKED UNCLE": In a vain attempt to dominate the youthful Richard, his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester (Eric Stanley), and the Earl of Arundel (Frederick Lloyd), members of his council, threaten him with a withdrawal of all money grants from the Commons

TAKING THEIR OWN MEDICINE: Bolingbroke and Thomas Mowbray (Donald Wolfit) accuse each other of treachery to the King. Richard, knowing the ambition of Bolingbroke and the guile of Mowbray, banishes them both from the country. The young king, now a commanding figure, has during his turbulent reign learnt some of the arts of rulership which his uncles had previously practised upon him during his less mature years

IN THE PALACE AT SHEEN: The Duke of Lancaster (Ben Webster) greets the Queen. "You are lovelier than ever, madam," he says. "You seem to have lost your roses, but the lilies are very becoming"

THE BITTERNESS OF FAILURE: Richard in the Tower of London, after signing his abdication in favour of Bolingbroke

I could not help wondering, as I sat in the Shaftesbury Theatre the other night, what the late John Galsworthy would have thought of *Between Friends*, Mr. Basil Foster's latest venture. That added a pathetic touch to a first act which was already dismal.

An incongruous combination of Forsyteism and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse was not improved by an insistence on cricket, which did not allow us to discover whether that hallowed pastime was being made still more hallowed, or merely having its leg pulled.

If one is to burlesque cricket, or to poke fun at it, or to suggest that anyone with whom it is not an all-absorbing interest is something less than a man, no one, I submit, with the name of Foster should be associated with such a venture. Similarly, no play which contains a single line casting a doubt on the belief that the only possible existence for a decent Englishman involves bachelor chambers in St. James's, a monocle, a man-servant, and, of course, Eton, should have Mr. Hugh Wakefield as a member of the cast. For such adventures border on blasphemy.

That I consider that the only thing duller than watching cricket is watching a play about it is merely an individual opinion and therefore of but little account. But when we find a Mr. Foster who is one of *the* Fosters, and Mr. Wakefield, who is an awe-inspiring example of Good Form (Good Form being the contents of his basket of theatrical "properties" instead of the patched tights and tinsel helmets of the actor of a century ago), we are faced with a wider issue.

Difficulties at the Shaftesbury are not lessened by a feeling of uncertainty. If the authors of *Between Friends* were actually making fun of playing the game in both the literal and the Galsworthian sense, they took an unconscionable time in reaching the point and in letting us know their purport. This, combined with the sacrilegious use to which Messrs. Foster and Wakefield were being put, did not induce comfort.

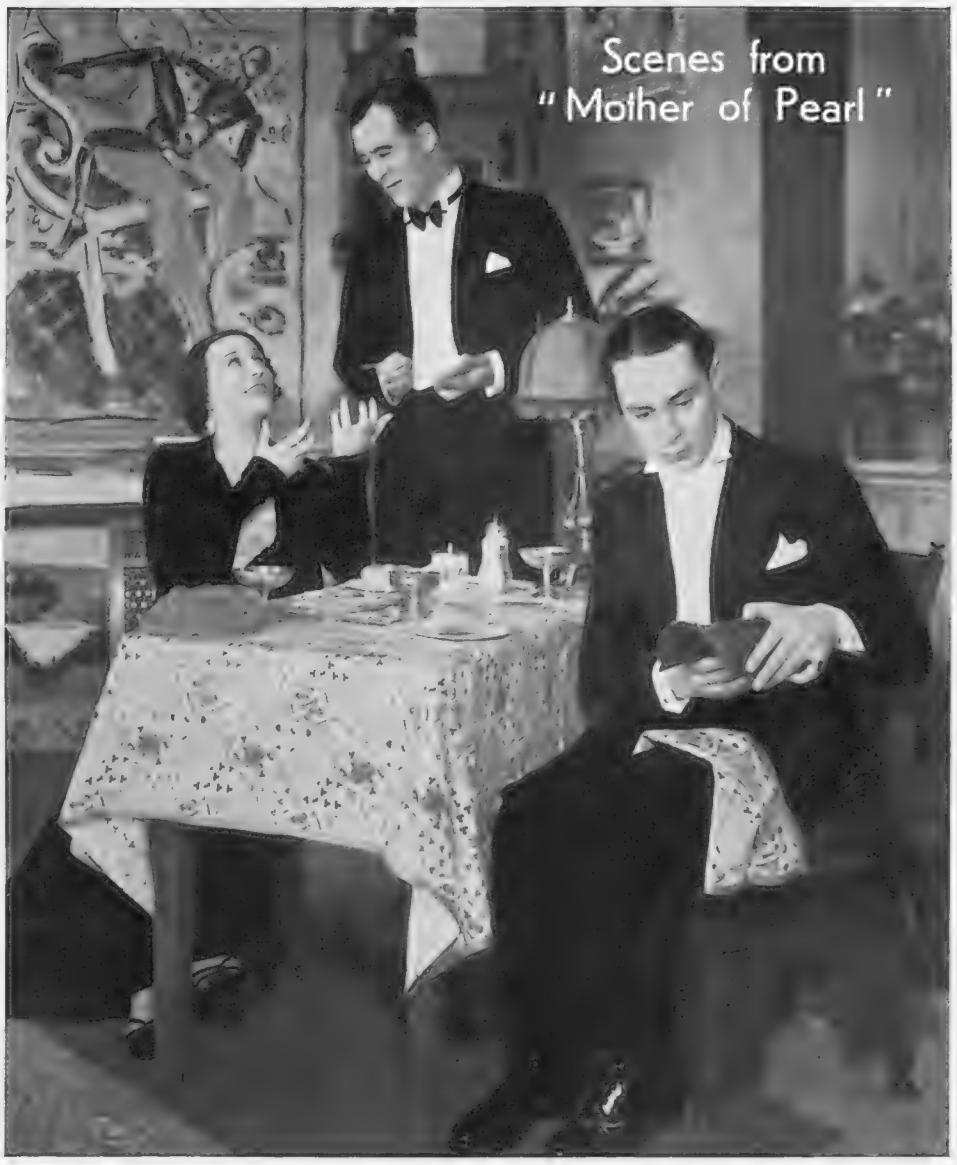
If, on the other hand, they were writing a serious play about the sorrows of the French wife of a ball-hitting, ball-catching, ball-throwing, ball-talking Englishman, they were not making much of a job of it. The supposed elopement of the wife was senselessly lost in riotous farce. A butler fell over a liftman and Mr. Wakefield became aristocratically drunk on champagne and in a well-cut dress-suit. Mr. Wakefield does this immaculately—he has been doing it for years—but it does not help things along when interest in a play is wilting.

Had it not been for quite a good last act, when someone seemed to have decided that owl-like solemnity about the public-school spirit really has its funny side, this would have been another *Loyalties* without its power or fine construction. Nothing, however, could have prevented *Between Friends* falling between two stools.

This is one of those rare instances when good acting is a hindrance rather than a help. If, instead of a suggestion of healthy males with public-school and country-house stamped on every link, we could have seen a set of actors taken from a revue at Runcorn, it would have been a more diverting evening. It may be the mark of a bounder to laugh *at* people instead of laughing *with* them. But facts are facts and can be extremely bad form at times.

Mr. Athole Stewart, for instance, almost made me cry by means of the realistic way in which he declared that since a certain cricket match had been played annually since the 'forties domestic catastrophe should not be allowed to break the continuity. In Act III, fortunately, Mr. Stewart suddenly looked like Mr. Robertson Hare in *A Bit of a*

PEARL AND *MOTHER OF PEARL*: A dramatic scene in Charles B. Cochran's production of A. P. Herbert's *Mother of Pearl* now running at the Gaiety. Madame Pavani (Alice Delysia) meets her daughter, Pearl (Sepha Treble) after a separation of seventeen years. Pearl is the daughter of a Cabinet Minister, the first of her mother's lovers. The ever-green Delysia snatches the last of them, a young Guards officer, from her own daughter, only, later, to give him up



THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR: Reginald Gardiner, as a young Guards officer, delves into his wallet in search of sufficient money to pay for the somewhat extravagant dinner which Madame Pavani (Alice Delysia) is ordering for herself. Although the devoted slave of Pearl, he is temporarily diverted by her more matured and sophisticated mother

Test and I breathed more freely. Mlle Madeleine Lambert was delightful. Yet I doubt whether she has solved the problem of whether in such a part it is better to engage a French actress with little English or an English actress with little French. But we were at any rate treated to some pleasant moments of near-Arnaudism.

If *The Holmeses of Baker Street* becomes, as is not unlikely, as strong a box-office attraction as *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Sir James Barrie of *Quality Street*, and *The Streets of London*, I foresee the time when every theatre between the Palace and Piccadilly Circus houses a play about a street.

That will be the occasion for me to write a neat little drama entitled *The Managers of Shaftesbury Avenue*. The hero of this will be a woolly four-legged animal with a bell round his neck. The tragedy of the last act will be the discovery that he is too tough to be consumed as mutton.

Now there have been plenty of plays before this affair at the Lyric about Sherlock Holmes. The only one that appealed to me as a play was entitled *The Speckled Band*, and that was notable mainly for a magnificent performance by Mr. Lyn Harding. One cannot make a Sherlock Holmes play live by hinting at criminal adventures and then adding, as theatrical "props," Holmes, his violin, his dressing-gown, his Dr. Watson, his pipe, and even his hypodermic syringe.

At the Lyric only the hypodermic syringe seemed to be missing, though I could not swear that the violin-case leaning against the wall by the fire-place had a violin in it. It is necessary to use all these things to some purpose and to let the crime for the solution of which they are made to revolve be more important than they are.

We saw a few weeks ago the uselessness of putting a famous person, Wagner, on the stage, and then expecting a play to be a convincing one by sheer Wagnerism. It is equally useless to put Holmes on the stage (for the great detective was scarcely a less famous person than the great composer for all that he never existed), and to leave the whole caboodle to him and to his Holmesism. A play must stand always on its merits, apart from either historical or fictional association.

I would be interested to see the effect of calling the Lyric Theatre entertainment *The Bakers of Holmes Street*. It would be a more euphonious title, for most of us try to talk of "The Holmziziz."

The advantage of the Sherlock Holmes and Conan Doyle glamour is merely preliminary and temporary. I have seldom if ever seen the great detective on the stage when the great defective would not have been a more apt description. When in this case he and most of the remainder of the cast are employed in finding out who stole the famous pearl, the only question really solved is to what extent crime on the stage is dull. Yet, again, the solution is that it can be (and, in my humble opinion, almost invariably is) very dull indeed.

Without dragging in the height, depth, or breadth of my brow, I can honestly say that I have seen some hundreds of crime plays, and not in one-half-per-cent. of them have I cared the price of a free programme why and how the murder was committed and what happened to the murderer.

Fortunately for *The Holmeses of Baker Street*, the non-crime portion of the play was an amusing burlesque with an excellent core to it. Holmes at sixty, bored with crime and anxious lest his pretty American daughter should take to the magnifying-glass and finger-print business "wot he made 'is money by," should make a first-class comedy—and very nearly does. The author has a neat sense of fun, and can write plenty of bright lines.

Besides, Dr. Watson was an enormous asset. Dr. Watson is in himself, left beautifully alone, as rich a figure in the Sherlock Holmes saga as is Mr. Robertson Hare in the Aldwych farces. To adorn and elaborate him might have been disastrous. Sir Nigel Playfair took the risk—and won. His Watson was the plump good-hearted little doctor he played years ago in *His House in Order* at the St. James's, but developed and made gloriously funny.

Mr. Martyn Walker is a young actor who can make every line tell by giving the impression that he does not care twopence whether it tells or not. That is to say, he is a very good actor.

Mr. Felix Aylmer had the difficult job of having to be a detective one moment and to poke fun at detectivism the next.

Miss Eva Moore made much of a small part and Miss Rosemary Ames made little of a large one. Miss Ames does not lack either beauty or intelligence. But she does obviously lack experience, and to allot her so important a task at this stage was hardly fair either to her or to the play.

THE CHARM OF ALICE DELYSIA: The musical comedy star as she appears in *Mother of Pearl* at the Gaiety, where her powerful personality and outstanding stage ability give veracity to every scene

MODES of TO-MORROW

THE HAIR AND THE HAT: Miss Dorothy Hyson, daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson, disports a new mode in headgear. Note the neat velvet scarf, completing a distinctive ensemble in corduroy

A STUDY IN LINE

A charming *robe du soir* in crêpe romaine, illustrating the beauties of line when adorning the youthful figure

THE CHARM OF WHITE: In Act I. of *The Green Bay Tree*, Miss Catherine Lacey wears a modern picture frock in white organdie, over a white petticoat of silk taffeta. This delightful ensemble is completed by a cape of primrose yellow taffeta. Designed by Louis Brooks

COLD WEATHER FASHIONS: Miss L. Jeanes wearing an attractive new fashion, the Robin Hood hat, at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point at Oxford

AND HATS OF TO-DAY

Decorations by Dorothy Glover

SIMPLICITY IN VELVET: A striking example of the work of Paul Poiret, in a simply defined evening dress of dark grey velvet, with long black shawl and metal belt. M. Poiret is now busily at work again

A MASCULINE HEADGEAR worn with feminine insouciance by Mrs. John Blunt at the Oxford University Bullingdon Club's steeplechases at Somerton

THE ALLURE OF BLACK: "Marquita," a charming gown of black lace, typically Spanish in conception, over a flesh-coloured foundation, the billowing tulle sleeves of which echo the ample styles of the last century. Designed by Ronald Morrell

IN SHEER WHITE SATIN

Miss Robert, recently elected Sweden's "Lucia Bride," who has just become engaged to a millionaire industrialist

A LAST LOOK ROUND

THE SPEED KING AT DAYTONA: Sir Malcolm Campbell and "Bill" Sturm, his organizing manager, seen on the beach at Daytona, where they were still awaiting favourable conditions for a fresh attempt on the land speed record

AS THE VISITOR SELDOM SEES IT: Even Beachy Head, famous landmark of the sunny South Coast, succumbed to the wintry conditions prevailing over the week-end. The headland is seen here under a light covering of snow. The down country, where it ends abruptly in the great chalk cliffs, is always lovely, though its winter charm is known only to the few who are willing to risk the vagaries of British weather

THE EVER-FAMOUS LENGLEN: Miss Suzanne Lenglen enjoys a temporary seat in the umpire's chair during the Riviera tournaments at Nice. It is rumoured that she will shortly open a tennis school in London

MAY BE BEHEADED: Mr. Guthrie, a Stirling cinema manager who, under a Royal Warrant issued by Mary Queen of Scots, is liable to be beheaded for flying the Scottish Standard over his cinema

A NINE DAYS' WONDER: Great curiosity was aroused by the news that an officer was detained in the Tower of London; he is discovered to be a Seaforth Highlander officer, Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart

THE REWARD OF PROWESS: Fröken Sonja Henie, the young Norwegian skater, being decorated after her latest victory at Stockholm, where she once again carried off the world's championship

AGROUND IN THE MERSEY: The 16,000-ton liner *Montrose* being towed off a sandbank by six tugs in the Mersey estuary, where she ran aground after a stormy Atlantic voyage. The passengers had previously been taken off by tender

LONDON TRAM MISHAP: Sixteen people were injured when a tramcar overturned at Cricklewood garage on Monday afternoon. Passengers were released when the sides of the tram were broken open

UNDER THE HAMMER: Lady Oxford discussing details with representatives of Messrs. Hamptons, the auctioneers, of the sale of the late Lord Oxford's furniture at the Wharf, Sutton Courtenay, near Abingdon. All the local county folk attended

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST., W.
BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

MODEL 4512 — Mushroom brimmed stitched felt, finished with self-coloured band and bow. *Obtainable from all Agents.* 21/-

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned **NATURAL** Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this NATURAL Mineral Water which is world-famous for its health-giving properties and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable Everywhere.

CAUTION—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

"Constantly prescribing"

"Cleanses the teeth perfectly" . . . "Distinct improvement in condition of the gums" . . . "Smoothness of Genozo a great asset" . . . Dentists are enthusiastic about Genozo. Make *your* teeth whiter and your gums stronger with Genozo.

★ *Extracts from professional reports*

GENOZO BRAND TOOTH PASTE

From all Chemists.
Tubes 1/3; double quantity 2/-.

British Made by GENATOSAN Ltd. · Loughborough, Leics.

Swan & Edgar's Full-Sizes Salon

Tailored Coats and Suits, Knitted Wear, Day Frocks and Evening Gowns—the very latest Spring Modes for the larger woman are displayed in Swan & Edgar's Full Sizes Salon.

Full Sizes Third Floor.

F.S. 5.—Knitted Suit designed on tailored lines. In all new colourings. Sizes 44 to 50 ins.

5 gns.

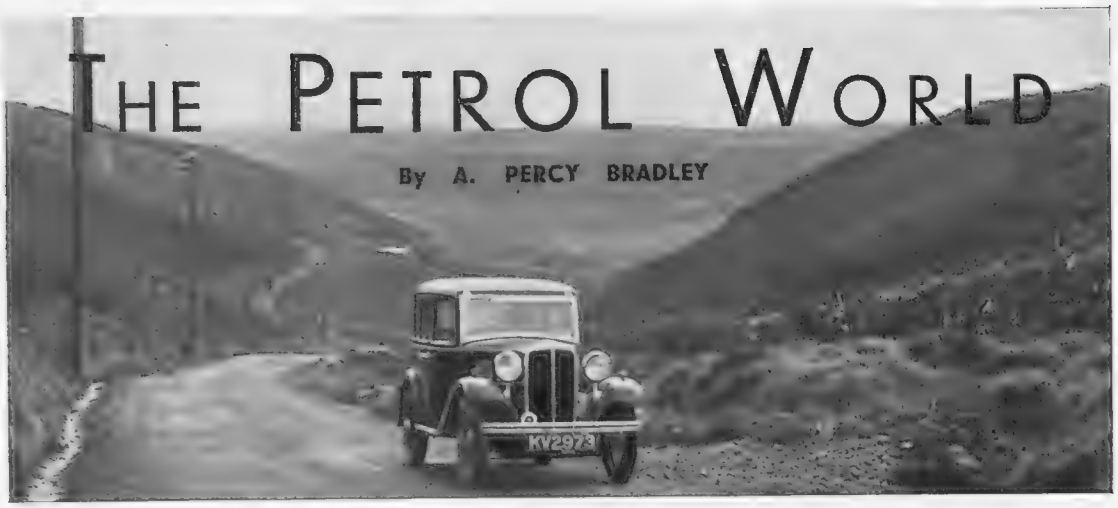
F.S. 6.—Extremely smart Coat in a new woven self check material. In grey or beige. Sizes 44 to 50 ins.

80/-

SWAN & EDGAR
Piccadilly Circus - The Hub of the World
Swan & Edgar Ltd., London, W.1. *'Phone: Regent 1616*

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



AMONG THE WELSH MOUNTAINS: A 1933 Standard Little Nine on the road to Nevin between Carnarvon and Pwllheli, North Wales. The famous Screw Hill is near this spot

NEW AND ANNOYING REGULATIONS.—I have a great fear that within the next few years the Ministry of Transport is going to become busy issuing all kinds of new regulations which will make motoring more tiresome. Already they have issued draft regulations dealing with the lighting of road vehicles. The Royal Automobile Club, who are always particularly alive where the interests of motorists are likely to be attacked, are of the opinion that the progress of events in car lighting makes the issue of Government regulations quite unnecessary, and their only effect will be to annoy the motoring public.

During the past few years we have seen a great development in car lighting. Practically every car turned out to-day is fitted with headlamps that have an efficient anti-dazzle device; probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the device adopted is the dipping beam. Had these regulations been issued three or four years ago they might have expedited the rate of development which has now brought about such a happy state of affairs. As matters stand at present the R.A.C. are perfectly correct in stating that they see no good reason why such rules should be issued. If only legislators would spend their time in Parliament investigating how many existing laws, rules, and regulations they could remove from the Statute Book and then doing so, instead of adding to the number, this country would be a very much pleasanter place than it is to-day.

If this regulation regarding dipping headlamps is eventually issued, I cannot see how any authority will be able to compel a driver to dip his headlamps on every possible occasion. That useful body, the Order of the Road, states very clearly on its application form for membership that the applicant must promise to dip his headlamps, provided he knows that the road ahead is free from obstruction. If the Government go any further than that they will most certainly be responsible for causing a regrettable number of accidents. I am afraid that too many people dip their headlamps and, as a consequence, run into something which they are not able to see, whereas they should run the risk of dazzling the oncoming driver, particularly if they know that the portion of the road on which he is driving is clear.

DAZZLING SIDELAMPS.—In addition to headlamps the draft regulations deal with sidelamps, and here, perhaps, some guidance would be appreciated. The present intention is to limit the bulbs to a maximum of six watts. I suppose that is as good a maximum strength as any other, but it is within the bounds of possibility that before very long a three or four watt lamp may be capable of producing real dazzle. Some sidelamps to-day are so powerful that they appear to the oncoming driver as if they were headlamps, and if the authorities can do anything that will minimize this nuisance they will have the hearty support of the majority of motorists. It would, of course, be interesting to know who will decide whether a lamp is a six watt one or not. I presume we shall have to abide by the marking that is usually found on the glass, but to-day large quantities of these bulbs are being imported, and I would imagine that it will be difficult to confirm that the marking, as regards wattage, is correct. The Government may be able to control the British manufacturers, but how are they going to deal with the makers in Czechoslovakia and Japan?

Whilst writing about lamps I notice, to my deep regret, that there are an uncomfortable number of motorists who immediately imagine they are dazzled when they see four lights on a car approaching. My outfit consists of a pair of Lucas P. 100 headlamps that are fitted with separate bulbs for the anti-dazzle beams. I frequently drive with these alone turned on, and on far too many occasions oncoming drivers who have their headlamps dipped put them on full glare as they approach me. There is no possible suggestion that the anti-dazzle beams of these lamps can give offence, and the action of oncoming drivers must be prompted solely by the fact that they see two headlamps alight in front of them, and they assume that they are going to be dazzled. I confess that on such occasions I lose no time in showing the oncomer that my headlamps are really powerful and this demonstration always has the desired effect. Many motorists dazzle themselves quite unnecessarily by looking into the beams from the headlamps approaching, instead of watching the road ahead of their own car.

Whilst I remember it, I would like to make a very special appeal to all my readers that they should dip their headlamps for cyclists and all other road-users who have weaker lamps than those fitted on their own car. This act of courtesy is particularly desirable in the case of cyclists, who must experience the greatest difficulty in keeping to the road when a car with powerful headlights comes along in the opposite direction.

CLOSING DOWN FOR BETTER BUSINESS.—In these times of depression it is, perhaps, not unusual to hear of factories closing down, but it is certainly quite out of the ordinary for a manufacturer to close down his works and stop production for three weeks because business and future prospects are wonderfully good. This is the state of affairs at the Vauxhall factory at Luton. The reason is that they wish to reorganize the whole place, as they have spent half a million pounds in building extensions and additional plant. The new buildings have been completed, new machinery is ready to be installed, and the existing plant is to be redistributed so that the very latest methods of flow-production will in future allow Vauxhall cars and Bedford commercial vehicles to be delivered as rapidly as orders come in.

Unemployment figures are always unpleasant reading, but in the town of Luton the percentage figures are better than anywhere else, but now with the Vauxhall extensions and reorganization some hundreds more wage-earners will be employed. I am informed that by the end of this month the reorganized works will again be in full production.

COOL TYRES.—The tyres on which Sir Malcolm Campbell is, at the time of writing these notes, attempting to break his own speed record will run, so I am told, at a temperature 20 per cent. cooler than any tyres hitherto made for him at Fort Dunlop. Very rapid heat generation is one of the main factors tending to destroy tyres like these as, at 280 miles an hour, the Blue Bird's wheels revolve about 2,500 times a minute, or forty-two times a second, and continuous hammering of the sand at that rate naturally generates heat very rapidly. These tyres have each been tested on a special machine on which tyres can be run on load at speeds up to 310 miles an hour. Here tyre and wheel are mounted on a loaded arm which allows them to rest on a massive electrically-driven steel fly-wheel upon which they run. This machine is controlled from a room containing the switch gear, separated from the machine itself by a steel plate shield, and the progress of tests is watched through peepholes in this shield.

INCORPORATING ROYAL IDEAS: A Humber Pullman limousine supplied to H.R.H. the Duke of York through the Car Mart, Ltd. The coachwork has been executed entirely to His Royal Highness's personal wishes and ideas

Buy British at the B.I.F.

(Continued from p. 249)

imagination and developed the gift of "getting things done."

Well, he is the man who stuck to the ideal of the British Industries Fair from the time that it was incubated in those three rooms in Cheapside until this day when at Olympia, the White City, and at Birmingham the space occupied by this covers upwards of three-quarters of a million square feet of space. And this Selfridge among Civil Servants won't be content until he has acquired a million square feet.

Oh! well, after that anything may happen. For one thing, he desires a permanent home for the Fair—as passionately as the Zionists longed for a home in Jerusalem. The story of the years through which the B.I.F. has passed from the Cheapside days until now is a strenuous one. Cheapside was such a success that in 1915 things had so progressed that the enterprise was housed in the Agricultural Hall. In 1916 the Government wanted the Agricultural Hall for "other purposes," so in that year the B.I.F. did its business on stalls sandwiched in between objects of art in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In 1917 the B.I.F. burst its artistic bonds and broke into the Imperial Institute.

In spite of everything, however, the B.I.F. made headway. Its reward came when in 1920 it was transferred to the stucco and statued splendours of the Crystal Palace. But the statues didn't really make for good business, and in 1921 the B.I.F. was bidden to erect a new home for itself amid the plaster ruins of the White City.

In 1925 it was sacrificed on the altar of Wembley to the extent of extinction. Trade suffered badly. It was, in fact, in that year that the official mind finally discovered that the nebulous results of spectacular exhibitions were very poor business as compared to the solid achievements of an industrial fair. So in 1926 it went back with a bang to the White City. There it remained up to and including 1929. And there in that year its triumphs were so extraordinary that it was decided to transfer it to Olympia in 1930.

Is business good? It is so good that the B.I.F. has had to organize a fleet of free-service buses for buyers between the two sections. Where do the buyers come from? One can quite casually answer: From all over the world.

Now supposing that a buyer comes. It has been carefully estimated that on the average the travelling, hotel, and other expenses of a buyer from abroad while in London amount to not less than £100. It has been similarly estimated, on the strength of figures which govern the expenses of a buyer who in other days used to go to Leipzig, that it does not pay a foreign manufacturer to send his buyer to London if he makes purchases to the extent of less than £1,000. Therefore for every 1,000 buyers who visit the British Industries Fair the purchases made from this country amount to £1,000,000. When we know how many thousand buyers from abroad have visited the Fair this year we shall begin to learn what the Fair has from that angle alone been worth to us.

Mr. Claude Taylor is ear-marking the extra shillings obtained from increased admission charges for publicity work. And, having carefully estimated what his increased revenue from this source is likely to be, has audaciously sent 75,000 posters—well in advance, of course—across the wide world. The daily newspapers will have recorded the nature of this year's Fair. Into that, therefore, it is needless to go, except to say that it has exceeded—especially on the side of artistic display—all its previous efforts. It should, however, be recorded that it seems somehow this year suddenly to have "grown up." It seems incredible that such a vast body of exhibitors and buyers should be one large family. And yet they are.

It is, of course, the result of the work of years. This Exhibition Branch is the child of the Department of Overseas Trade, which is the child of that oddly mated couple, the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade. And the grandchild of this strange union has now godfathers in the shape of officers in the Commercial Diplomatic Service and Trade Commissioners who watch the interests of the B.I.F. in every country which may be of service. But better than these godfathers is the fact that the B.I.F. has a fairy godmother whose interest never ceases and whose influence is, even in the official mind, beyond all computation. That fairy godmother is the Queen. Never once has she missed attendance since its inception in 1914.

Every year Her Majesty gives over a thousand Christmas presents and in most cases she first discovers the inspiration for the gift at the B.I.F. To bestow the interest of Her Majesty means business, and the Queen goes to infinite pains to bestow interest on those industries which need encouragement.

The "First Officer" of the Fair is—officially—Mr. Claude Taylor. Unofficially, however, Her Majesty has, in a very charming manner, relegated him to second place.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

in 3 to 5 weeks by the famous

PARISIAN METHODS

Is your bust insufficiently developed? Has it lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood, or age?
Do you want to develop and beautify it?
Do you want to restore its firmness?
Do you want to regain those pleasing curves which are a woman's charm?

Apply for Free Booklet on the

EXUBER BUST RAFFERMER
for strengthening the bust, and the
EXUBER BUST DEVELOPER
for developing the bust.

Both these methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill-effect; they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise, no internal medicament, and for 23 years have been used all over the world with remarkable success. Internationally renowned theatre and cinema artistes owe their attractiveness to the PARISIAN METHODS.

Here are the extracts of some successful cases taken among the many thousands received from ladies of all social standings.

DEVELOPING

Mrs. E.J., Derby, developed breasts of 4ins. in 18 days
Mrs. J. W. M., Seaforth " 4¾ins. 22 "
Mrs. E. M. M., Preston " 4½ ins. 27 "
Miss K. S., Hove " " 5⅜ ins. 34 "

STRENGTHENING

Mrs. N. A., Bombay, has strengthened breasts in 32 days
Mrs. G. W., Johannesburg " " 28 "
Mrs. M. U., London " " 30 "
Mrs. J. B., Wexford " " 35 "

FREE OFFER

Readers of "The Sphere" will receive under plain cover, full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to Mme. HELENE DUROY, rue de Miromesnil, 11 Div. G 47, Paris (8e). Enclose 2'd. stamp for answer. Post 2½d.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

Benger nights are restful nights

"We have always recommended Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation, and see no reason now, in spite of the multiplicity of competing foods, to qualify or withdraw that recommendation." *The "Practitioner."*

A cup of Benger's Food, sipped slowly before going to bed, ensures quiet restful sleep. Eminent Medical men describe it as "The finest thing to go to bed on."

Those troubled with sleeplessness will find Benger's Food invaluable. It accomplishes that most important thing, the soothing and very gentle stimulation of the digestive organs so necessary for really restful sleep.

Many dyspeptic conditions, including those of nervous origin, will often yield quickly to the digestive calm which Benger's Food provides.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 41, Maiden Lane. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 350, George Street. CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 732.

BENGER'S Food Regd. TRADE MARK. *for* INVALIDS *and the* AGED

311

THE DELTA FINE-CUT SERIES OF

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

BEST FOR FINISH AND QUALITY.

"NEWS OF WATERLOO."
After the Painting by GEORGE WRIGHT.

Size 17½ ins. by 11¾ ins. 350 Pieces. **11/6** post free.

48-page Illustrated Catalogue and Leaflets containing particulars of Puzzles from 30 to 2,000 pieces. 2d. post free.

JOIN THE DELTA JIG-SAW PUZZLE CLUB.
Class A.—EIGHT GUINEAS per annum. Class B.—FIVE GUINEAS per annum.

Further particulars on application to
DELTA JIG-SAW PUZZLE CLUB, 64, FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

"BONEY'S BEATEN!"
Bringing the good news of the Battle of Waterloo before the days of the electric telegraph.

A NEW STATE IN THE MAKING—II

(Continued from p. 255)

regular units. However, when they have a small Japanese force behind them the Manchukuo soldiers fight just as well as their instructors.

"What about Russia?" I asked.

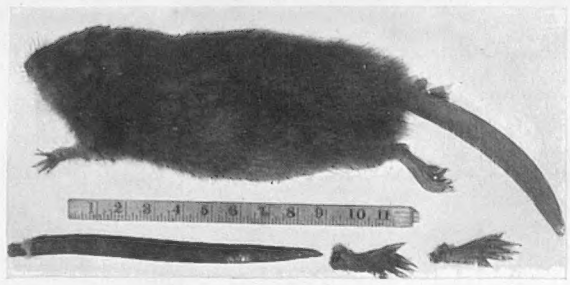
"Difficult to define their attitude at present," replied the Major; "they disarmed the Chinese volunteers who went over the frontier at Manchuli, but they have moved reinforcements round to the eastern frontier of Manchukuo. We shall see what happens when we attack the bandits in that district."

"But the young Marshal is supplying the Western Volunteers all the time, so unless you can deal effectively with the root of the evil you will always have that menace?" I ventured. Again my companion smiled. "Is that a leading question?" he inquired. "If you like." "Well, I don't think that I am in a position to answer," he replied slowly. "Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang is doing all in his power to render our task impossible, but we have no quarrel with China, and unless she forces our hand and brings about a war we shall confine ourselves to Manchukuo territory."

I met Major Fujimoto on several occasions, and always found him ready to give up his time, though evidently overworked, to discuss the situation. I got the impression that he wanted to be frank with me and let the world in general have the facts of the Manchurian imbroglio placed before it.

The task before the Japanese in this new State is tremendous. In addition to the volunteers and the bandit the inhabitants of Manchukuo are ignorant and suspicious. In the country villages they have no idea what is going on and can hardly differentiate between Japanese and Europeans; many of the rural people have never seen a foreigner.

Up to date they have always been exploited and oppressed, so that it will take years of material results to convince them that the days of tyranny are over. Then, apart from the immediate and local difficulties, there is the League of Nations which must be considered as long as Japan remains one of its members, for in spite of what may be said the Japanese are anxious to conform to world opinion which, owing to ignorance, they hold, is contrary to sense.



A NATIONAL MENACE: Almost twice the size of an ordinary water rat, the musk rat, only a few years ago unknown in England, is rapidly spreading throughout the country

War on the Musk Rat

A few years ago the musk rat or musquash was introduced into England to be kept and bred for the value of its coat. Its arrival heralded the foundation of a new industry in this country.

The animals were lodged in fur farms and farmers obtained highly successful results from keeping them. Some of these animals, however, escaped from the farms. They bred rapidly, and the result is that they are menacing the whole countryside surrounding the Severn Basin, and unless an adequate check is placed upon their activities it seems certain that it will not be long before they become an ungovernable national menace.

Railway bridges, embankments, and every form of earthwork are menaced by the ravages of these animals, and so seriously do the Government regard the matter that they are organizing tremendous drives in the Shropshire area to confine their encroachments to the West of England. Already, however, it seems that they are too late as the rats have been seen as far south as Surrey and as far north as Stirling. With the coming of Spring they will breed rapidly, and will begin to migrate to other parts of the country. Unless something drastic is done now there is no telling to what proportions this army of marauders will have grown in a few years. The common rabbit has for many years now been the curse of Australia. Will the musk rat become an equal menace in this country?

At Montford Bridge, near Shrawardine, Shropshire, the rats have undermined the structure of the bridge, while on the River Perry they have been traced in swarms. The animals, however, are both shy and cunning. You may walk the river banks of Shropshire and never catch sight of even one. To save walking over an exposed area they will even cut a sunken canal in a ditch, while their homes in the sedges have no apparent entrance, the rats diving beneath the surface and entering them by an underwater plunge hole. The scheme now evolved by the Shropshire authorities to combat the musk rat is both extensive and drastic.

Already £4,000 has been allocated this spring towards their extermination, while a local hunt has been organized comprising two foremen, twenty-nine trappers, two boats, and a motor van. The hunt is making most strenuous endeavours to stop the rats from emigrating by trapping around the borders of their chief stronghold at Shrawardine, while river and railway authorities are also to be enlisted in the fight. The measure of their success only time will tell, but it seems certain that unless even more strenuous measures are taken to-day the agriculturist in England will have one more problem added to his burden, and one which, if Australia's experience is to be repeated, will be almost impossible of solution.

In conclusion it is of interest to mention the chief characteristics of these animals. They have small eyes, short limbs, ears nearly invisible with fur, the hind feet being slightly webbed, and they have conspicuous fringes of stiff white hair; the long tail is laterally compressed, scaly, and thinly haired. The body is coated with dense fur, the normal colouring being a darkish brown, more intense on the back and lighter underneath. A gland common to both sexes contains a secretion with a musk-like scent from which the animal derives its name. This rodent very much resembles the water rat, but is considerably larger in size. For instance, its head and body is 13½ in. long with a tail 8½ in., and weighs about 3 lbs., whilst the head and body of the water rat is 8 in. long, its tail 4½ in., and weighs under a pound.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Twenty-two thousand pounds are still required for the new *Arethusa* Training Ship to complete the cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc. The old *Arethusa* Training Ship had the splendid record of training 10,000 poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. A particularly earnest appeal is now made to readers of THE SPHERE to send donations so that this fine work of training poor boys for the two Sea Services, may be carried on. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

The leading hair tonic and dressing since 1793.

3/6, 7/= & 10/6

A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., E.C.1

Cuticura SOAP SHAVING STICK

makes shaving a pleasure

What better way to start the day than to shave with **Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick!** Containing the medicinal and emollient properties of **Cuticura** it enables tender-faced men to shave in comfort and leaves the skin free from any tense, dry feeling. *Price 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.*

The most beautiful photographic record of

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

is on Sale now—Price ONE SHILLING

All the popular Operas—new pictures in photogravure—by post 1/3 from

THE SPHERE, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK

FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

This is a clock of singular originality and charm. Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 ins.

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W. 1

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *February* 25, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

✣ ✣ ✣

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel

Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Mandurah Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere - Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel

Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel

Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel

Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel

Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel

Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea - The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)

Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel

Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel

Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel

Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens - Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown - - Ross's Hotel (Co. Dublin)
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve

Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham - on - Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel

Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
St. Neots - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth - Grange Hotel
Do. "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel (S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

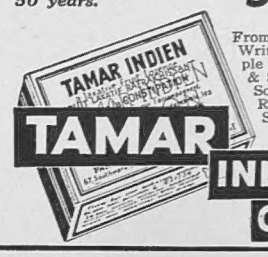
Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Do. - Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

CONSTIPATION relieved without violence by Nature's Fruit Laxative

Nature provides a gentle but certain remedy for constipation in the laxative principle of fresh fruit contained in Tamar lozenges. Tamar does not gripe, forms no habits, prevents piles, relieves gastric troubles, is most pleasant to take. Violent purgatives are harmful and temporary in effect; Tamar restores the bowels to normal, unaided functioning.

A doctor's prescription famous for 50 years.

3/- per box



From all good Chemists. Write for generous sample to: Guyot Guenin & Son, Dept. S.P. 67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Write easily with a PERRY SILVER WONDER

THE WORLD'S SMOOTHEST PEN

Makes writing a pleasure. Turned-up stub point—white metal—non-corrosive. Those preferring a fine pointed nib should try the

ST. STEPHEN'S PEN

FREE SAMPLE on request

All Stationers, either pen, 6d. a box.

PERRY & CO. LTD.,
The Century Old Penmakers,
(Dept. D), 49 OLD BAILEY, LONDON
Works: Birmingham

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

SPORTING PRINTS.

The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

SOMEBODY'S GLAD that it's MAIL DAY TO-DAY

A corner of the Publisher's mailing room at 346, Strand, London. Readers all over the world rely upon this unfailing service for the delivery of their favourite illustrated newspaper.

Thousands of readers ask us to send "somebody" The SPHERE each week. Where? Everywhere that English speaking people go. What a joy it is to look forward to the mail that brings The SPHERE. For the modest sums below our Publisher will despatch for you thirteen, twenty-six, or fifty-two weeks in succession—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

THINK! Who do you know who would give anything for a copy of The SPHERE each week? It's so very simple for you to give your friend this perpetual delight. A note to The Publisher (address below) or a request to your regular newsagent, and the deed is done for you. Your friend's address and yours, of course, that he or she may know to whom the thanks are due.

THE SPHERE

Subscription Rates	At Home	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	£3.0.10	£3.0.8	£3.9.6
Six months, including Double Nos.	£1.10.5	£1.10.4	£1.14.9
Three months, no extras	15.3	15.2	17.5

WRITE THE PUBLISHER—346 STRAND, LONDON—HE WILL DO THE REST
—Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.

THE DAY OF DAYS

for friends far away . . . The Day The

MAIL-BOAT

arrives

LETTERS . . . of course they come first, but then comes the unquenchable longing for something to read of the world at large, and especially of dear old England.

THINK! Whom do you know overseas who would give anything for a copy of The SPHERE each week? For the modest sums below our Publisher will despatch for you thirteen, twenty-six or fifty-two weeks in succession—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. It's so very simple for you to give your friend this perpetual delight. A note to The Publisher (address below) or a request to your regular newsagent, and the deed is done for you. Your friend's address, and yours, of course, that he or she may know to whom the thanks are due.

Courtesy of the Union Castle Line.

THE SPHERE

Subscription Rates	*At Home*	*Canada*	*Elsewhere Abroad*
Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	£3.0.10	£3.0.8	£3.9.6
Six months, including Double Nos.	£1.10.5	£1.10.4	£1.14.9
Three months, no extras	15.3	15.2	17.5

WRITE THE PUBLISHER—346, STRAND, LONDON—HE WILL DO THE REST—Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.

332.P.7

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *February* 25, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.